The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE SHORN LAMB

SLUSHY weather in a big city means little tempests in human breasts. Jumping from one clean place to another, or tripping warily along on tiptoe, the working girl has worries as diversified as muddy stockings and a bad cold. There are people who can plow ahead regardless—people whose clothes and constitutions are impervious to all dame nature offers in the form of hazards—but they are like the heroes of myths, and may be reserved for epic poetry. It is too often forgotten that the psychical existence of man must fend with the elements, too. There is no mire, no morass, no accumulation of cold and snow, which does not have its counterpart in the swamps which human imagination can create. Monstrous energies weird as storms arise on the plains of our desire; and there is no havoc so great as that which can be wrought by thought.

It is some such analogy as this which ought, we believe, to serve as the background for any discussion of the unclean in art and literature. These phenomena are worth talking about because they are important. The average man or woman has a certain natural animality, which may be crude and gross but which seldom does tremendous harm. Quite probably the dirty jokes of the immemorial male, which one can hear on Iowa farms as well as on the Shakespearean stage, are designed primarily to remind us that we are dust and not first-class dust at that. But the artist is a person of exceptional talent. Concerning him humanist and theologian agree in part, when each says that the creative faculty has in it something Divine. And when this greatness, of all created energies the supreme one, is debased and suffered to batten on lusts, darkness and ruin fall also upon the multitude.

Therewith the most important point to be made in the whole discussion is reached. Times and places which do not recognize the significance of

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the artist are those which are most likely to suffer from debased art. Whenever the hierarchy of values is ignored, wherever people suppose that imagination is primarily a source from which to derive "entertainment" or profit, something fundamental has gone wrong. It is almost more evil to define imagination that way than it is to cherish uncleanness. For if the angel is to be made a clown, he cannot much be blamed for crossing the slight distance that separates clown from cad. And so the unwillingness of Christian society to honor the artist decently must be set down as that sin against the spirit which must be overcome before there can be any really fruitful discussion of other things.

Small wonder, then, that the writer in particular should be angered rather than benefited by much the moralists say and do about literature. They so frequently fail to understand at all what the artist is driving at, and even now and then manifest an obtuseness dense enough to drive a creative intellect mad. It is quite as if a surgeon were to be supervised by a teacher of etiquette. Or a grower of orchids by a professor of the profit motive. The moralist ought, if progress is to be made, begin by working with the artist or the writer. Between the spiritual universe made manifest in the New Testament and the creative humanistic life there is a splendid compatibility. Why cannot this be made clear and convincing? Naturally it is easier to do something else—to lay chief stress on protecting the public against ethical disease.

As soon as the problem is faced in the abstract, from the point of view of whether the public "ought" to see this play or read this book, difficulties naturally multiply. It is impossible that the public should ever be an assemblage of identical mortals. We note, for example, that in "Selected Motion Pictures," the helpful list issued by the West and East Coast Preview Committees, one picture is able to evoke opposite reflections. "Accent on Girls" seemed to the Western Committee a blend of "pretty girls and attractive feminine orchestra leader." The verdict was "Good. Family." But the Eastern Committee concluded: "A leader of a night club orchestra of women uses her position as conductor to exhibit a vulgarly suggestive dance. Not recommended." Similar differences will have been noticed by every reader of movie comment. And one may be sure that if the opinions of selected groups are so varied, the impressions garnered by individuals will be still more diversified.

If there is no unity of mind, any appeal to government agencies for the censorship of current offerings must fail. For no government can uphold a code about which the supporting public has not made up its mind. Of course a certain minimum of sanitation can be enforced badly by the police. They can make the publication and sale of indubitably salacious books very dangerous. Far better from every point of view are such censorship agencies as that established by the Legion of Decency. Indeed one can say that these agencies have accomplished so much that they deserve to be ranked among the finest instruments of contemporary public opinion. But we must not forget that the success to date is based essentially upon loyalty to the Church, and that it would be a grave mistake to imagine that the forces on the other side have in any manner been "converted" or "convinced." They have bowed, for the time being, to a strong club, and they will take up the battle anew whenever that threat is relaxed.

It might be that the principle of the Legion of Decency could be extended to the diffusion of literature and art. The attempt would be vastly more difficult, because the financial outlay involved in either is, in any one instance, so much smaller and so much more difficult to control. No doubt some loyal Christians do purchase salacious books because the critics warmly endorse them; but the number of such buyers is not large, and the damage has to a great extent been done before opposition can be made effective. We think that a nation-wide effort against some forms of harmful literature might succeed. A drive against circulating libraries dispensing dirt might effect a change, since the local dealer seldom has anything to do with selecting titles and relies upon a central distributing agency. Undoubtedly a campaign to forbid the sale of bad newspapers in and about churches could well produce good results.

All this is, as we have said, the easier of two courses, though it remains worth while none the less. But surely the time has come for a "missionary attitude" toward literature and art—for an effort to win individual creative talent for the good causes, which is by no means a prim or narrowly conceived cause. If we had ten deeply spiritual Erasmuses in the United States, with platforms to discourse upon, the outlook in ten years would be entirely different. Meanwhile a good beginning has been made by various lending libraries, which have begun to attract the public in a number of cities. The best thing about them is not that they have books, but that they have *authors*. Larger numbers are beginning to realize that, apart from the widely fêted radicals of the contemporary literary scene, there is a goodly number of quite orthodox spirits with a commendable and interesting performance to their credit. If we have anything further to suggest at the moment, it is the value of personal contact. Were every priest able to to make a companion of one literary or artistic worker in his neighborhood—whether big or little, whether Christian or Jew—the great beauty of spiritual purpose would at least become a temptation.

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Week by Week

THOUGH much uncertainty prevails, the major issue in the approaching campaign was more sharply defined than ever and did not go unnoticed by veteran politicians in Congress. What is the next stage in the spending program? Can further ways be discovered of masking taxation, or must the bare facts of Santa Claus's origin be brought out into the open? The likelihood that Mr. Roosevelt would insist on some new levies and that Congress would tackle the job with exceeding great distaste did not, however, encourage many to stampede for a course of undisguised inflation. Pump-priming, it seems, is pretty definitely a thing of the past. The great task ahead is an adequate solution of the relief problem, since there is every reason to believe that unemployment and distress are not much less rampant than they were a year ago. If the people can be induced to transfer some of their attention from the deceptive glitter of monetary experiments to the hard but important facts of industrial activity, more progress toward an adequate relief system may be made. Meanwhile the very bad international situation necessarily continues to increase the nation's worries. Rearmament on a scale never witnessed before is the major fact of the day, as Great Britain joins the ranks of those powers which have staked everything on efficient militarization. The economic situation in Italy and Germany is now so bad that there is some reason to fear a mad resort to arms as an expedient for diverting the attention of impoverished masses from the underlying economic and political causes of at least some of their misfortunes. Will this country also have to embark on an armament program de luxe? This question may become important before the campaign just ahead is ended.

The Trend of Events

ACCORDING to the best information available, 65 percent of the parents in the Munich school district voted for non-confessional education. A year ago, the same percentage favored the old, traditional Catholic schools, despite the pressure exerted by the Nazis. What explanation can be given for the shift? We are told that this year the Ordinary of the archdiocese considered outright negative voting too dangerous, and counseled the faithful to abstain from going to the election booth. It is certain at all events that twelve months did not make the impression on parents' minds which the figures indicate. On the contrary, there is plenty of dependable evidence to show that the régime has lost ground, in so far as popularity is concerned. Perhaps two things have occurred: first, the danger involved in opposing any, even an ideological, wish of the ruling terrorists has been augmented; second, the means at the disposal of the Church are so meager that the people live in a state of doubt, not knowing what their spiritual leaders actually desire. We do not know whether these are the right answers. But it is surely apparent even to the most incredulous both that the Hitlerite aim is to stamp out religious education, and that this aim is being realized. On the basis of the election returns, more than half of the children of Munich will henceforth receive secular—i. e., Nazi—training. If this system continues, practically no pupils will be enrolled in confessional schools ten years hence. And yet, tragically enough, one of the chief purposes of the Concordat was to assure the teaching of religion. This is the reality and the prospect. Small wonder that those closely in touch with the German situation should be profoundly alarmed!

Religio Depopulata

PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC utterances suggest that in their realm a measure of "birth control" is necessary. They flourish in times when the desire for social improvement is great, and when almost any speaker on how the improvement is to be effected can gather a crowd. Measures like sterilization and popularized contraception are deductions from the theory that in order to better society it is expedient to lessen the burdens borne by society. If there were fewer mouths to feed, relief would be a less troublesome affair. If the supply of chronic diseases could be shut off at the source, less medical assistance would be required. One can summarize the theory by saying: in order to secure a better distribution of available goods, it is expedient to eliminate human waste; and in order to bring about that elimination, a system of engineering must be installed. We hold this reasoning to be false, for several reasons. First, "human waste" is not just simply a burden, but a challenge which has called forth some of the noblest (and incidentally most profitable) scientific and social effort. If the past had decreed that all consumptives, once considered incurable and sources of danger for the future, were to be killed off or sterilized, the marvelous achievements of science in this area would never have been possible. We have only to think of the great names among those cured of tuberculosis in order to see that mankind would have suffered appalling losses if some absurd "sanitation decree" had been enforced. It is quite possible that the existence of other diseases now adjudged incurably and hereditarily disastrous will evoke similar medical successes. Second, a system of engineering cannot be applied to human beings. Among the animals, nature acts as an efficient

The Fraud of Sterilization

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lopper-off of weaknesses. "Engineering" would have to be either nature, or something more arbitrary and awful than nature. It is quite true, of course, that nature acts also in the human realm. During times of economic stress, the population falls off, because—quite apart from vulgarized contraception—the urge to marry and have children is less strong.

OF ALL the pseudo-scientific experiments now suggested, sterilization is possibly the most important. It is obvious, to begin with, that some people ought not to wed or assume the duties of paternity. Here there is no opposition between any "modern" notion and traditional Christian morality. The parting of the ways comes when it is asserted that the laws of heredity can be controlled as are the laws governing heat or light, and that in exercising this right the State can justifiably act as does a janitor who turns off useless electric bulbs. The second problem is essentially an ethical one, and the difficulty about discussing it with a "modern mind" is that a religious view of life is as essentially different from a humanitarian view of life as Jupiter is from Saint Francis. But the first problem—whether the laws of heredity can be controlled—is properly a scientific one, though we should justifiably expect that science and religion would concur. From this point of view the report of the American Neurological Association's committee on sterilization is of unusual importance. It denied that this and similar eugenic measures would lessen the prevalence of crime, remarked that study of heredity is still in the experimental stage, and denied that epilepsy (in Germany especially a target for eugenists to shoot at) is a hereditary disease.

THE MOTION pictures are often credited with touching up the material yielded by mere prosaic experience for the purpose of inventing spurious thrills. The camera's peculiar technical resources for fooling the eye, together with the legacy handed down from the old adventure serial pictures, are invoked to support this position that life is tamer, its voltage less impressive, its perils less hair's-breadth, than the films would persuade us to believe. Debunkers are always at hand to explain that the man does not really fall down the cliff: he falls three or four feet and the camera cleverly creates the illusion of a death-defying tumble; and so on. That the films have their tricks and their secrets we should be the first to suspect and the last to deny. But surely it is a truth obvious and easily demonstrated that, in the matter of the wild and strange, the skin-of-one's-teeth miracle, the preposterously unbelievable rescue, life keeps several jumps ahead of the speediest camera. For example, there were recently introduced into a war melodrama some shots from the old picture, "Grass," which it will be recalled showed the actual search of eastern nomadic herdsmen for pasture lands. This simple record of reality presented effort so arduous and bravery so awe-inspiring that in comparison the invented alarums and excursions, torture and sudden death of the story in which it was imbedded paled into nothingness. And what thrill-monger ever dared plan a scenario more breath-taking than the story of cold facts which has just come up from Matto Grosso? Seven men in a wrecked airplane at the edge of a fathomless swamp in the midst of a trackless jungle. Savage tribes to be stood off. Hungry panthers to be killed. Discovery at last by air searchers. Food, medicine, bedding dropped by parachutes. Sappers sent to cut a path to the plane. A runway built as if by magic. Then—back in the air again, and so to the home port. The author of the "Iron Claw" himself might well have hesitated in the interests of probability to write the happy ending to that story.

Keeping Up with Actuality

TEMPERATURES such as those which have been desolating East and West alike in the past few weeks will probably do much to revive the quarrel as to which is really colder. The New Yorker, with a river on each side of him and the ocean at his feet, feels a perhaps pardonable pride in his far-famed humidity: one of the celebrated Bad Actors of meteorological history, which multiplies the effect of dropping temperatures, giving to chill a rawness and a power of penetration which seem to the sufferer the last word in Winter's ability to make itself felt. He is apt to pooh-pooh the almost incredible temperatures registered in the West (meaning by that term everything beyond the Appalachians which can be considered roughly north of south), when the frigid season really begins to do business there. Speak to him of thirty-five below, and he will probably explain to you that you don't really feel it because it is so dry. The Westerner, on the other hand, knows what he knows: the crunch of steps and the unearthly music of metal on powdered snow, the very voice of deadly cold made audible; the ponds solid with ice for four months and a half; the creaking, exploding trees; the cheeks and noses and ears frost-bitten in the two-block dash to the store, the hands or feet frozen while one waits for a delayed street-car. And if the Westerner happens to be a Chicagoan, of course, he knows more than this; for to him Winter combines the three separate hells of cold, of damp and of raging gales. However, it is probable that even Easterners would concede Chicago the title for endurance of what our winters can produce.

Frigid Debate

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"IRELAND REVISITED" REVISED

By P. J. O'DONNELL

We are glad to present a different approach to the Irish question, by a New York priest who keeps in close touch with Irish affairs. Though the article is in a measure refutation of views presented in THE COMMONWEAL *at an earlier date, it is also a readable exposition of the case for Mr. De Valera. Father O'Donnell believes that agriculture has prospered and that industry has begun to emerge under the present government and he supports his conclusion with economic statistics.—The Editors.*

"IRELAND REVISITED," an article by Father Mangan which appeared in the January 17 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, was introduced by a wise editorial comment that "We assume Father Mangan's paper is not entirely objective." The comment continued that "advisers . . . consider it intelligent, fair and worth reading." With that opinion this writer agrees almost in whole, being dubious only regarding the advisability of the second of the trio of laudatory adjectives. I think my dubiousness justified by figures taken from the *Irish Times,* which cannot be accused of any bias in favor of Mr. De Valera or his party. The article was naturally read in many of the A. O. H. branches, and I have been asked to give my opinion of it, and to voice their reaction to it. So let us look at the other side of the shield.

Father Mangan apparently believes that Mr. De Valera is responsible for the economic war between Ireland and England. The origin of the war is not in dispute. The present Irish government discontinued paying a levy of upward of £5,000,000 ($25,000,000) per annum to England on the grounds that these payments were not legally due. Mr. De Valera's legal advisers were of that opinion and he could not do otherwise than stop payment. Thereupon England, refusing to agree to submit the question to an unrestricted international tribunal, initiated the economic war by imposing punitive tariffs on Irish agricultural produce and live-stock exports to England. In ordinary practical business affairs we judge a person's probity and moral standards by his dealings with ourselves, and the American observer should not fail to note that one of the parties to this dispute, namely, the Irish Free State, is engaged in paying the American subscribers to the Dail Eireann External Loan in full with 25 percent added interest though there was no legal obligation to make such payments, whereas the other party to the dispute, England, has defaulted on her just American debts.

Father Mangan finds that agriculture in the Free State has been paralyzed. In a review of the Irish agricultural conditions published in the Supplement to the *Irish Times* January 1, 1936, it is shown that for 1935 the acreage under crops in the Free State showed an increase over the previous year of 31,426 acres, while for the same period there was a decrease of 24,905 acres in the portion of Ireland not ruled by the Free State government, namely the six northern counties. The acreage under wheat in the Free State area increased by 74 percent over the previous year, oats by 5.3 percent, mangels by 1.5 percent, sugar beets 25.7 percent. (The increase in the acreage under wheat and sugar beet in 1935 as compared with 1931 are truly astounding, being 682 percent and 937 percent respectively.) In live stock the numbers of milch cows increased by 1.7 percent, other cattle two to three years old 1.7 percent, one to two years old 1.2 percent, sheep 3.8 percent, pigs 12.3 percent. These are all increases in the agricultural industry which according to Father Mangan has been paralyzed. There is nothing surprising in these figures for anyone who knows the situation because, owing to the wise action of the government in applying subsidies and grants, the prices for most agricultural products were maintained and in some cases the price obtainable by the Free State farmer was higher than the world price. For instance, during 1934 when the world price of butter was only 73s. 6d ($18.37) per cwt. the Free State farmer received 103s. ($25.75) per cwt. At the same time the people were able to purchase butter at 1s. 5d ($.35) per lb. while consumers in continental countries had to pay up to 2s. 6d ($.62) per lb.

When the Fianna Fail government took office they found that in an agricultural country, consuming annually 11,000,000 cwts. of wheat, only ten days' supply was home grown. The imports of cereals, feeding stuffs for animals, wheat and flour amounted to £7,000,000 ($35,000,000) annually, while in manufactured articles for clothing, housing, transport, etc., the Irish Free State imported practically all her requirements. There was complete and absolute dependence on the foreigner. The country had all her eggs in the one basket and only one market for those eggs, namely England, so that when England closed down on Irish agricultural produce it was calculated that the people would be squeezed into surrender. The same cry that Father Mangan now raises was then raised in Ireland, that a sinister change had taken place, an angry frown foreboding trouble over-

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cast the nation, those who considered themselves oppressed were almost at the breaking-point. After nearly a year of the economic war Mr. De Valera was challenged to submit the question to the people. He accepted the challenge and called a general election. His party was returned with five extra seats and a majority over all parties while the main opponents, the Cumann na Gaedeal party, lost twelve seats and this under the ultra-democratic proportional representation system of election. Had the election been conducted under the American system Mr. De Valera would have secured on the figures polled 120 out of 153 seats, a clear popular verdict for the policy of the present administration.

The economic war undoubtedly inflicted heavy losses on the country, particularly on the cattle raisers and ranchers, but on the other hand it helped the government policy of establishing a more equitable system with a better balanced economy between agriculture and industries. The flour mills which were working on half time in 1931 are now working full time. Three mills which had been closed were reopened, two new mills were established and three others are being built. Practically no flour is now being imported. In addition to one beet sugar factory, which was in existence then, three new factories have been established, and the entire sugar requirements of the country are provided at home. In the industrial field hundreds of factories have been established. Says the *Irish Times Supplement:*

> It is estimated that several hundred new factories and workshops have been established since 1932. These include 12 boot and shoe factories, 121 clothing factories and workshops, 9 mills, including grain mills, and 5 foundries. . . .
>
> The extent of the growth of home production can be seen from a study of the quantities and value of the commodities imported in 1935 as compared with 1931.

It gives the following list:

IMPORTS INTO THE IRISH FREE STATE

	1931 £	1935 £	Percentage reduction since 1931
Men's and Boys' Suits..	127,282	15,835	87
Pickles, Sauces, Spices..	29,762	12,445	58
Wheaten Flour.....	779,725	62,533	91
Perfumery, Cosmetics...	43,630	16,420	62
Paints and Enamels (prepared)	59,894	35,794	24
Soaps, Soap Powders...	60,668	25,991	42
Stockings and Hose....	207,804	63,044	69
Fancy Hosiery.....	116,118	36,049	69
Cordage, etc.....	58,372	46,609	24
Hats	186,901	134,522	28
Handkerchiefs	17,076	3,958	77
Jute Sacks and Bags....	75,313	2,348	97
Polishing Preparations..	29,402	5,258	32
Brooms and Brushes...	27,250	18,319	33

A list is also given of seventy or eighty articles or products now being manufactured in the Irish Free State for the first time. The variety of the articles is as astonishing as the number of factories. Yeast, cardboard boxes, tiles, chemicals, buttons, canned soups, polish, Down pipes, pottery, suitcases, electric batteries, washing soda, motor tires and oxygen are amongst them.

In housing the present government has made astonishing strides. There were 13,240 houses built in 1935 as against 3,015 in 1931. In land division for economic holdings there were, during 1935, 101,800 acres divided amongst 6,244 farmers as against 48,346 acres amongst 2,699 farmers in 1931.

That the Irish Free State has already won the economic war is shown by the fact that for the first eleven months of 1935 the exports increased by £1,656,498 over the corresponding period of last year while imports declined by £1,373,017. The bank clearances for the year 1935 were higher by £7,088,000 than those for 1934. The revenue for the period April to December, 1935, exceeded that for a similar period of 1934 by £1,128,628, while expenditure for the same period showed a decrease of £516,195. The coinage in daily circulation which in 1932 was £784,000 today is £988,521. Dealing with new companies floated, the same paper says:

> Although 1934 was a year of unparalleled activity in the promotion world, no fewer than fifteen public offers being made, 1935 eclipsed its predecessor both in the number of companies and the amount of capital involved. Eighteen public issues were made and the sum actually offered to the public was £3,515,500. These figures do not include an issue by the Dublin Ports and Docks Board on December 31, of £150,000. All these issues were oversubscribed and they are all now quoted at prices above par.

On page 34 of the same *Irish Times* issue the earnings of the Electricity Supply Board are tabled. The earnings for 1935 were £1,258,388 as against £735,302 in 1931.

With regard to unemployment the figures stand in the vicinity of 100,000, which compares very favorably with other European countries. There has been no actual increase in unemployment because it must be remembered that the population of the country has increased by more than 250,000 in the last few years owing to the stoppage of emigration. Had employment conditions not improved the figures for unemployment in the Free State area would now be three times as high as they are.

With Father Mangan's many political misstatements it would be impossible to deal in an article such as this. There is one glaring misstatement, however. He says, Mr. Cosgrave introduced but did not use the Public Safety Act.

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The Military Court set up under that act had been in full swing for months trying batches of political prisoners day after day before Mr. De Valera took office. Mr. De Valera immediately suspended the operations of the act. Later when he was faced with a threatened coup d'état by the Fascist body, known as the Blue Shirts, he revived the Public Safety Act, appointing the same members of the Military Court who had acted under the Cosgrave régime. The Blue Shirts have now all but vanished and the Public Safety Act is to be abolished.

It is interesting to hear that in 1931 "the shopkeeper received prompt payment for his goods." Long before 1931 and since, the credit system of deferred irregular payment was the custom in Irish towns. I doubt that a single shopper reversed his traditional way of paying in the year 1931. In fact I am certain that he did not.

I must end by admitting there are some people for whom there is no longer room in Ireland's economic system. They are the ranchers who employed a man and a dog for hundreds or thousands of acres on which bullocks thrived. The ranchers are going, the bullocks are disappearing and happy homesteads of humans are being erected on the divided ranches.

I hope Father Mangan takes another happy vacation in Ireland next summer if the gloom moves off. In 1936, he can even ship direct to Dublin, a thing not possible in 1931. I can assure him that when he lands he will be astonished at finding my revision of his interesting article in objective accordance with the facts in the case.

AT THE EDGE

By LORA B. HALBURTON

WHETHER it is because hunger lends a sharper vision, or whether it is because the perspective from a back bedroom is likely to be less disturbed than that to be had from a more spacious dwelling-place, I do not know; but certainly these days of living at the edge of other people's lives, at the edge of destitution, have done things to my faculty for seeing, and turned my philosophy of living completely upside down. A sardonic spectator has grown sympathetic, at least for a time.

If you have to starve or go ill-clad, Baltimore is the place to do it in. I know of no other city of close on a million inhabitants where a jobless teacher can get a pleasant room with three windows, on the second floor, completely furnished, for $3 a week paid irregularly; where she can get a good breakfast in an air-conditioned restaurant, with dainty service, for three cents if she is willing to do without coffee; where she can pick goldenrod and daisies and Queen Anne's lace in the fringe along the car-tracks in one of the fashionable residence sections, and blackberries in a vacant lot opposite a great hospital. Baltimore is unique. For many years off and on I have found it charming, but never more so than now when I can steep myself in its atmosphere.

Living is cheap here, and in summer it is too hot for much dressing. The town itself is so picturesque and varied that walking fifty blocks a day and carrying a very light tray in a cafeteria have their compensations. I have learned to know the street scene at all hours of the day, from the hour when the Sunpaper boys (you say Sunpaper, not newspaper) are throwing their still damp cocked hats in at the red brick and white marble vestibules, to the late evening when the streets are deserted and everybody is playing cards or listening to music, drinking cold concoctions the while. From the street at this hour only the whir of fans and the clink of glasses can be heard. A few children play under the arc lights, where big moths circle 'round and 'round.

As I dress to go to breakfast I hear the crab-man going his rounds. He walks along, with a flat basket on each arm, full of squirms and seaweed. It is the same man, with the same cry, that I have heard for years and years when I have been here as a student: "Soo-oft crabs! Soo-oft crabs!" Even hucksters stay the same in Baltimore.

When I come back after having taken an unconscionable time to eat three slices of toast and a thimbleful of jam in a comfortable spot with plenty of people to look at, I meet the tired business men sauntering to their offices, and pause now and then to enjoy the typical morning scene: rows on rows of Negro girls, scrubbing the white marble steps ("50,000 white steps get scrubbed every day in Baltimore"); old men, bandy-legged and very, very black, cooling the hot pavement with garden hose; and most picturesque of all, the box-wagon procession. While Baltimore has its junk-carriers and its bootblacks, it will not lack for local color. One wagon is an ancient trunk of a sorrel horsehide, which with the lid off makes an excellent receptacle for old Sunpapers and discarded straw hats; another is an old-fashioned baby carriage turned around; still another is a baby's iron crib, mounted on wheels taken from worn-out lawn-mowers. There is a bootblack at the corner of Mt. Royal and Charles, with his box decorated with tissue paper and artificial

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flowers; and another at the entrance to a restaurant across the street, who always has two or three books on a little stool beside him—a dictionary, a Bible and a copy of the International Sunday School Lessons—for he is a bootblack on weekdays and a parson on Sundays.

Not all the wagons hold papers and trash; many carry the materials for step-scrubbing and window-washing, the summer occupations of Negroes who live on the edge of destitution. In winter they mind furnaces or shovel snow from the pavements and the little rectangles which to the Baltimorean make front walks. They are always at work, but it is usually a sort of work that requires very little energy and allows a wide margin of time. To those of us who live at the edge time is no object.

A year ago I should not have noticed all this. I should not have noticed that the little old Italian organ-grinder who used to walk out Calvert Street every Saturday afternoon grinding out "O Sole Mio," with his little screwed-up face like that of his monkey, doesn't come any longer; he lived at the edge too long. Probably he died of starvation in the kindliest city in the world, just because he could not tell his needs. I should not have noticed the limp of the other old Italian who pushes his little cart laden with bananas all the way from the docks every morning and arrives in the twenty-five hundreds in time for breakfast. He was knocked down by a truck and had his leg broken a year or more ago. I am sorry to say that a year ago I should have ignored the existence of the brassy-haired nurse who lives over my head. She must look young or she will not "get calls." She eats proper meals only when she is on a case; the rest of the time she lives on buns, crullers, coffee, and cigarettes. She is cheerful, uncomplaining, and always busy, darning, crocheting, knitting, sewing, never going out except to the corner grocery or the drugstore, for fear she might miss a call from the registry. I had thought her hair and her voice enough to label her impossible, but I find she is as sober and industrious as Penelope, and the kindest soul in the world.

With nothing to do but philosophize, I indulge in many random reflections. I have arrived, for instance, at the conclusion that all street sounds are not noise. The mellow cry of the watermelon man whose slow old horses walk through the alley below, does not disturb me; I do not mind the scissors-grinder's trumpet nor the jogging ting-ting of his bell; but the boy scout next door who is learning to play Taps has ruined many an afternoon's work and got me many a rejection slip. The lawn-mower and the everlasting Baltimore hose and sprinkler I seldom hear at all, and I frequently take the hiss-ss-ss of the electric train under the culvert for a sprinkler; the small colored boy who plays his "mouf-organ" under my north window may play all day and welcome; the sound of putting in coal is music in my city-bred ears, whereas I go mad with irritation when a shrill-voiced neighbor calls, "Beulah, Beula--h," to bring home her wandering tom-cat. It is a matter of rhythm, I suppose. Negroes are rhythmical even when noisy.

Living on the edge inclines one to trivial reflections; my scheme of living has turned around, and the world I bustle in is very small. Other people are doing the living; I can only look on and meditate, with a view to doing a better job of enjoying life when next I get a chance.

There are a great many like me, walking softly not to disturb evil forces which otherwise might heed; living in a sort of vacuum, between worlds known and worlds to be, puzzled out somehow if there is time. At the Oriole I see many people come in every day, who seem to live as I do. The old gentleman who looks like Henry Irving has coffee, one roll and a chop for his dinner. He has the look of a typical Baltimorean who has lived well all his days until now. He stays a long time as I do, for he probably has little to do and nowhere to go where he can be so comfortable. A big Italian with the profile of Tiberius always has the same dinner—a dish of huckleberries, coffee, and two kinds of cake. He looks as if he could eat his share of an ox roasted whole.

At noon and for an hour thereafter the streets are black and purring with cars going north, for a surprising number of men go home to lunch. Baltimore is a city of homes, full of good food and good cooks to prepare it.

All this home-like atmosphere, all this emphasis upon creature comforts should make a homeless, penniless wanderer wretched, I suppose, but it doesn't seem to. If I don't know whether or not I can pay my room-rent this week (the Sunday editor has lost his liking for my stuff), if I don't know accurately where my next meal is coming from, at least it is my own private affair. As a spectacle all this is very delightful; and many of these people going home to shaded houses and iced drinks and crab salad and broiled chicken are people I know—people who would be horrified if they knew I could not afford coffee for breakfast and never had lunch at all; that my dinner consisted often of a stuffed pepper and a glass of lemonade, or a crab cake and iced tea.

It sounds distressing, but it really isn't. There is a certain exhilaration about it and a thrilling sense of independence; I shouldn't mind starving forever, or at least going a little bit hungry which is all I've done so far, if it meant that I could also go unmeddled with forever. I have been infinitely worse off than this . . . worse off because I was not my own; my time, my work, the very words I uttered belonged to others, and *such* others!

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Yes, on the whole starvation in Baltimore is vastly better than many other things I have known in my career as a breadwinner. I have just received a letter asking for a capable professor of French, preferably a Ph. D., good-looking, young, well dressed, athletic, musical, artistic, an earnest Christian. Knowledge of service rendered should be considered sufficient cash recompense in days like these. Candidate would have a living and a small sum for incidentals. I think I shall go on starving for a while, and investigating the subject of life at the edge.

There are three old ladies in the next block, two of them in the eighties at the very edge of death, cheerful and content except for low-spirited times when they grow homesick for the house where they lived as girls on the other side of town: "We just can't get used to having no porch and terraces to sit on as we had on Madison Avenue near the Park. How long have we been here? Only twelve years." The younger one, herself in the seventies, they treat as if she were an irresponsible girl, to be petted and scolded.

Then there are the two old men across the street. One is a German, formerly a sailor. He is a handsome old chap, erect and broad-shouldered. His children do not want him with them; they are tired of his sea stories. They pay his board and come for him on stated days to take him to dinner. Often they fail to come; he makes excuses for them—"too busy, other plans, away over the week-end"—and talks about the days when they were babies and he looked after them at night so that their mother might sleep. The other old man is thin, spidery, and bitter-tongued. He used to have a fine house, stables, a cellar; now he washes his own handkerchiefs and dries them on the edge of the bath-tub, pawns all his little bits of jewelry, and walks, swinging an ancient malacca stick, from the thirty-five hundreds to Lexington Street every day. Even now, when he can only look on, Baltimore is his life, and for all his bitter speeches and his snubbings of the old sailor because he is "not in my class, never was," he is far happier than he would be living in their fashionable suburb with his children, who find it so hard to keep him in pocket-money.

Life at the edge, whether of destitution, of existence, of the family circle, of industry or what not, is a little chilly, like standing on the edge of a cliff with the breeze blowing one's garments; but the air is fresh there and the view is excellent if unorthodox, pulling down the mighty from their seat and exalting them of low degree. One might die, perhaps, if one breathed this air too long; and looking too long through the wrong end of this telescope might develop a squint. Still, a little of it can do no harm and may serve indeed to cleanse the heart and lighten the darkness of the eyes.

In Praise of Islands

I shall praise now the namers of islands, their grave
mouths that uttered the sonorous words from the prows
of vessels, their warrior hands, their adventurous eyes.

Though their own names be forgotten, the proud and
the brave
sounds shall be heard while the tempest of time allows
the thunder of English to English throats; while the cries

of France remember fierce wings over ridges of water;
as long as the Spanish tongues can speak of that sea,
and the galleons sleep beneath the Caribbean wave.

I shall praise now the namers of islands; and after,
Las Virgines, the leeward and emerald empery,
the curving and blossoming beaches, the Carib cave;

and south through the Mare del Norte, the mountainous
isle,
Saba, volcanic and steep with its red-roofed town
crouched in the crater; St. Kitts with its Brimstone Hill,

its black sand shore sprawled under the wild gold while
the sun falls; Martinique with its women; and down
to windward, St. Lucia whose desolate Pitons fill

the trade wind sky with vertical rocky cones.
I praise Barbados and Trinidad with its Gulf,
and the small hot islands that stretch toward the Spanish
Main.

I shall praise now these isles and their obstinate stones
cooled from the ashes of ancient fires that had
their ages of earth-deep wars and not again

burn bamboo and mango slopes; the scarlet flowers;
the rich perpetual summer; the running tide;
the hawks in the silver tree; the evening nets

drawing their bright-scaled harvest; the honeyed hours;
I praise blue waters where the fishers ride,
the waters that endure while man forgets

the jewel-laden ships of imperial wars.
Here were the routes whereby a caravan
beat up from the pearl and silver-yielding coast;

here were the heaving roads toward the westward stars,
toward Mexico, the storm-whipped roads that spanned
the shout between life and death for those who lost

their hearts by the knife of flint, for those whose blood
ran in the wilderness, staining the mold of leaves,
who perished of wounds and hunger with staring eyes.

I shall praise now the namers of isles at the flood
of first discovery, and the wind that grieves
over the tombs in earth or sea. The skies

they followed will bend above these shores until
no man is left to remember the blowing spray,
and no man's throat will speak the beautiful

names or the names of kings. The surf will spill
again beneath a bright and empty day
on islands bearing the lonely track of the gull.

FRANCES FROST.

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THE PITTMAN BILL

By HERBERT WRIGHT

THE FUNDAMENTAL purpose of neutrality is to keep a nation out of war. There has been so much and such varied discussion in the press and on the radio recently about the question of neutrality that it is difficult for the average person to get a clear conception of the meaning of neutrality and the significance of the Neutrality Law of 1935 and of the proposed neutrality legislation before the present Congress. The introduction of the Pittman Bill (S. 3474) and the Nye-Clark Bill (S. 3478), together with the hearings of the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee, have tended to becloud the issue in the public mind, so that a discussion of the question and an analysis of the legislation may serve a useful purpose. The Nye-Clark Bill aims to remove some of the objections to the Pittman Bill in the interest of stricter neutrality, but as the Pittman Bill has administration support, it is likely to be the basis of the law finally enacted and therefore is used as the basis of discussion here.

The Neutrality Law of 1935 (Public Resolution No. 67, 74th Congress), approved August 31, 1935, established a National Munitions Control Board under the chairmanship of the Secretary of State to control the manufacture, exportation and importation of arms, ammunition and implements of war by a system of registration and licenses. The President is required to proclaim, upon recommendation of this board, from time to time, a list of articles considered as arms, ammunition or implements of war. Such a proclamation was issued by the President on September 25, 1935. The law also requires the President "upon the outbreak or during the progress of war" between foreign states to proclaim such fact, it being thereafter unlawful to export such articles to any belligerent or to any neutral for the use of any belligerent. Such a proclamation was issued by the President on October 5, 1935, applicable to Ethiopia and Italy. If any other states become involved in the war, the President is authorized, though not required, to extend such embargo to these other states.

The existing law also contains provisions prohibiting the use of the United States as a base of supply for men or supplies for belligerents, the entrance of submarines of foreign nations into ports of the United States if the President deems it expedient, and the traveling of American citizens on passenger vessels of belligerents except at their own risk.

The bill introduced by Senator Pittman in the Senate on January 3, 1936, which has been much more carefully drafted than was possible in the case of the law hastily passed on August 31 and has the support of the administration, repeats almost verbatim, although with a few modifications and in a different order, the provisions of the existing law, adding several important provisions. The chief modification is that the discretion given to the President to extend an arms embargo to later participants in an existing war, a discretion which might be used by a President to support a sanctionist policy of the League of Nations after the United States has applied an embargo on the original belligerents, is withdrawn by the Pittman bill and the President is required to extend the original embargo to all subsequent entrants into the war.

The chief new provisions relate to restrictions on the exportation of articles and materials used for war purposes, the prohibition of financial transactions with belligerent governments, and the modification or denunciation of treaties which may be inconsistent with the Pittman Bill.

The bill still leaves considerable discretion in the hands of the Executive, enabling him even to decide the aggressor in a war in which the United States is not primarily interested and to take sides in such a war, despite a new provision (Section 6) that "any embargo, prohibition, or restriction" imposed by the bill "shall apply equally to all belligerents." This discretion is contained or implied in a number of places in the bill. For instance, in Section 4 (a) the exportation to "any belligerent country named in the proclamation, or to any neutral country for . . . the use of any such belligerent" of more than an average normal amount of "articles . . . used . . . in the conduct of war," that is, oil and other key products (such average to be determined by the President), shall be prohibited by the President, if, in his opinion, "to refrain from placing such restrictions would contribute to a prolongation or expansion of the war." But it is not the business of the United States how long the war lasts, unless it is directly interested in it, and the interests of the United States are amply safeguarded by another provision of the same section, requiring the President to take such action if it "will serve to promote the security and preserve the neutrality of the United States or to protect the lives and commerce of nationals of the United States."

Subsection (b) of this section requires the President to proclaim the articles whose exportation is to be restricted and authorizes him to, "from time to time, modify or revoke in whole

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or in part" any such proclamation, when he shall find that the impelling conditions "have so changed as to justify in his opinion such modification or revocation." The particular power to "modify" or to revoke "in part" gives the President the power to take sides in a foreign war, in spite of the general provisions of Section 6 that restrictions "shall apply equally to all belligerents." A similar discretion to "modify or revoke in whole or in part" appears in Section 7 on the prohibition of American vessels carrying such articles.

Section 5 contains new provisions concerning the prohibition of financial transactions (loans and credits) with the belligerent governments enumerated in the President's proclamation that war exists between them. A further subsection might be added to the effect that nothing in this section is to be understood as repealing or modifying the provisions of the Johnson Act (Public No. 151), approved April 13, 1934, which prohibited loans to nations defaulting on their war debts to the United States.

Section 13 (h) contains a provision prohibiting the issuance of export licenses of arms "unless the government of the country to which such arms are to be exported has indicated to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State that permission for the importation has been accorded." Here again lurks the possibility that the sanctionist nations of the League of Nations might be enabled to force the United States to participate in sanctions by refusing to allow the importation to them from the United States of certain articles included in their embargoes on an aggressor determined by them for League purposes.

It has been alleged that the possibility of the imposition of quota restrictions on the exportation of key products on all nations during a war and the prohibition of loans and credits to all belligerents during a war would mean the loss of world markets by the United States even in times of peace, that countries will not do business with the United States "when they know they may be cut off at the whim of the executive." This might be true, if the discretionary powers on this point as contained in the bill are retained. But if they are stricken out in the light of suggestions above, there would be equality of treatment for all nations in that the quota restrictions would be limited respectively to the average normal peace-time amount of such trade for each country. Moreover, the nations of the world, realizing that the President has no discretion in the matter, would govern their actions and adjust their policy without reference to the possibility of securing the support of the United States. However, there are sound objections to a policy of quota restriction on non-contraband articles and a practical difficulty in maintaining such a policy if adopted.

There remains to be considered the phrase "upon the outbreak or during the progress of any war," which is contained in the existing law and is repeated in the Pittman Bill. These words give the President the discretion of making the act effective either "upon the outbreak" of war or "during the progress" of war, and thereby enabling a President, if he were so disposed or were subjected to heavy pressure, to withhold issuing his proclamation until the eve of the end of the war, in order to assist sanctionist nations against a League-picked aggressor. The chief contribution of the United States to the peace of the world is (1) to cooperate with all nations in humanitarian and social welfare, (2) to give an example to all nations by the peaceful settlement of its own disputes, and (3) to discourage war among foreign nations by keeping out of all foreign wars itself. With the elimination of the objectionable clause "during the progress" of war, it would be mandatory for the President to issue his proclamation "upon the outbreak" of war.

It might be advisable to add among the definitions in Section 2 a definition of the term "war." For the United States and the other thirty nations bound by the Hague Convention of 1907 relative to the Opening of Hostilities, "hostilities between themselves must not commence without previous and explicit warning in the form either of a reasoned declaration of war or of an ultimatum with conditional declaration of war." Consequently, it should not be possible for war in the technical sense to exist between any of the nations bound by this convention unless preceded by a formal declaration of war or an ultimatum containing a threat of a formal declaration of war if the ultimatum is not complied with. There may be an armed conflict, there may be invasion, there may be killing of human beings and the destruction of property, there may be "war" in every sense but the name, and still not "war" in the technical sense. It would seem therefore that the act would not be automatically applicable to such a situation as, for instance, the Japanese invasion of China a few years ago, because both China and Japan are bound by the Hague Convention and neither country declared war. As the existing law and the new bill now stand, the President has the discretion to decide whether an existing conflict is "war" or not. The suggested definition might include the existence of any public armed conflict as well as a "war" formally declared.

Since the above was written, such great opposition has developed to the Pittman Bill, on the ground that no new legislation should be enacted during the present Italo-Ethiopian War, and especially to Section 4 of the bill, on the ground that it abandons the traditional American policy of the freedom of the seas, that the substitute bill introduced by Senator Thomas to extend the existing law for one year is more likely to be adopted.

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OF WHAT EARTHLY USE IS MAN?

By G. M. SCHMEING

THE physical universe is significant, has a meaning, tells of a plan; and a plan needs a Planner. The plan involves expression, externization, and this requires a particular kind of audience having a physical body to contact the physical universe and an intelligence to interpret, to evaluate and to appreciate it freely and in co-operation. In all creation, as far as we know it, man alone meets this requirement. The angel lacks the body; the brute, the intelligence. Man's earthly job, then, is to study the physical universe and through this study to come to a knowledge of the Creator.

One may object to this view on the ground that it does not fit things as they are. Some hold that the purpose for which anything is intended may be inferred from the use to which a thing is put. A safer guide in these matters is a study of the design of the thing itself. The design of a boat indicates that it was intended by its maker for travel on water. The fact that an old boat is converted into firewood tells us nothing about the intention of the builder. Lack of conformity with things as they are is not always a mark of condemnation.

If all men are made to study the physical universe, why are not all men scientists? Not all men are scientists but all men are born scientists. Listen to the questions of the children. "Why is the sky blue? Why is the grass green? Why? Why?" The answers they do not get discourage them. They soon find out that the two most wonderful people in the world know nothing about these matters. Hence these things are thought of as very difficult to understand and difficult affairs must be avoided at all cost. The result is that we are not as wise as the day we were born.

Though it may seem that the men most interested in science are not necessarily those in closest touch with the Creator, much depends on the definition of science. Science in the sense of interpretation of facts, that is, facts plus ideas, does tend to bring us closer to the Creator. The approach may of course be hindered in various ways. A passage may be choked with débris so that it is no longer passable, but that does not alter the fact that it was designed to be a passage.

Some consider a study of the universe impractical because it does not supply bread, does not help us make a living. "Making a living" involves one of two things, adaptation to environment or adaptation of environment. Neither can result without knowledge of environment, unless provided for by instinct. Failure here means physical extinction, whereas acquaintance with the physical universe releases man from drudgery and gives him more time to carry on his real work. The man who sticks to the job assigned by his Creator need not worry about his physical wants. His needs are known and will be supplied. This is not mere pietism. The danger of overemphasis on the material progress made by science is very real and very great. This progress is the reward that enables us to "make a living." The matter may be summed up like this. Some say that in order to study the universe one must live. It is even more true that in order to live one must study the universe. The usually much-heralded advances of science in lighting, refrigeration, transportation, communication and other ways of using energy are, however, the merest by-products of true scientific endeavor.

Someone will have objected from the outset: "This is all very well, but you are forgetting all about revelation. Next you will be telling us that man's temporal and eternal happiness depends on his degree of scientific advancement." This idea is worth consideration. The "pain of the damned" consists in their exclusion from the "beatific vision." In this life our natural approach to a knowledge of God is through His physical creation. He who shuts himself off from this puts himself into as much hell as he is now capable of making for himself. This may provoke a smile of indulgence with the comment that if this lack of knowledge and lack of understanding of the physical universe is hell, then hell is not so bad. With death comes the separation of the intellect from the body. The great cooperation is interrupted. With death comes realization of lost opportunity to serve in the only service He needed. This point of service needs amplification.

The Catechism says: "God made me to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the next." Our happiness in the next is contingent upon our service in this. The service required is not one of grudging unwillingness but one that is free, one based on love. To love anyone requires that we know him. The universe designed to externize the Creator is an avenue to our knowledge of Him. What is this service He asks? God asks us for assistance? How can He "need" us? Once He decided to externize Himself an audience became a necessity. Man and only man has the qualifications for this audience. Certainly the service required is obvious. Revelation did not alter the fact or the purpose of creation, did not

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deprive man of his physical body nor of his intelligence, did not render man's earthly existence purposeless, did not render man unemployed or unemployable on his original job. Revelation came out of the Mercy of God to assist, to augment, to amplify. It came to compensate for the darkening of the intellect and clouding of the understanding, resulting from man's failure to cooperate in his assigned task. To assist, to augment, to amplify; not to nullify, to abrogate, to render obsolete.

Faith is a free gift of God. Doubtless to those who are forced by man-made circumstances to earn their bread in unending toil, to those who are denied the opportunity to develop and to use their powers of intellect, doubtless to these in His Mercy he grants supernatural aid in large measure. To those blessed with leisure and the opportunity for study He may justly say: "Here is enough help for you provided you think out the rest according to the original plan. You do your part and I shall help you when you need Me." This may explain why some with an opportunity for learning find themselves in difficulties. In giving us the physical universe the Creator is handing us a box of samples. These are to tell us what is in store for us. Most men do not pay Him the courtesy of opening the box.

Revealed religion and the Church find a stanch ally in science. To illustrate, in the course in quantitative analysis a stock teaching question is: "What are the sources of error in the determination of iron and how would you avoid them?" The student frames a set of rules for his guidance. He will adhere to these because he understands that failure to do so means disaster. There is no grumbling about "thou-shalt-not-ism." The student in the laboratory soon learns that there are many correct ways of reaching a result but that only a few ways will be unsuccessful. As a matter of economy he emphasizes the few things to be avoided. Once the Church is understood as the officially appointed interpreter of the natural law, once the relation between natural law and law of nature is appreciated, there should be considerable improvement. Men, no matter how perverse, do not argue against the "law of gravitation" nor do they complain that it arbitrarily interferes with their liberty. They study the situation and use their findings to their advantage.

The biological and the social sciences are not neglected in this outlook. Rather they are a development and an outgrowth of the physical sciences.

When man is struggling to understand creation he finds consolation in making a tiny creation of his own, be that in stone, paint, tone, word, or scientific hypothesis. This auxiliary creation serves to relieve his pent-up feelings in the face of his great problem. Scientific activity promotes the demand for artistic creation. This quotation from the pen of a German mathematical physicist is typical of the regard men of science have for the arts.

> Listen with your inner, and if possible with your external, ear, to the great chorus of Creation's rejoicing in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony: hear Schubert's "Allmacht," Hayden's Star Symphony. Or go to church when Brahms's immortal Requiem is being given. . . . And go on Good Friday to hear Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," and the Missa Solemnis and the B minor mass, the two greatest works produced by human, nay superhuman, inspiration . . . then you get a faint inkling of the reason why God did not remain God alone, but created a world. . . . No philosopher in the world can tell you more about it than Bach, Beethoven and Brahms [Bernard Bavink, "The Natural Sciences"; translated by H. Stafford Hatfield].

Of course there is the possibility that this writing will be waived aside as the outlook of a physical scientist suffering from the cramping effect of overspecialization. Doubtless intensive specialization gives bias to an outlook. Those unfortunate enough to know the writer will be much amused at the implication that he is a scientist. May the reader be reminded that whatever else the pursuit of science does to a man it certainly makes him objective, conservative, intellectually honest and highly self-critical. Many are ready to brush aside a statement as narrow because it is made by a "scientist." Would it be fairer to ask why the man took up science than to insist that he is taken up by science? The reader is urged to evaluate objectively the contention of this writing.

The most frequent objection voiced against these ideas here presented is this. "Only a scientist can know what you are talking about. Many years of thinking along scientific lines are required for the 'feel' of these ideas." The answer is, I think, contained in the discussion.

An attempt has been made to establish an outlook that will be helpful. It is hoped that use will be found for these ideas, not only by the general reader, but in study circles, orientation courses, courses in the philosophy of science, science courses for teachers of religion, and science courses in our women's colleges where are trained the question-answerers for the nursery of tomorrow.

Though the ideas here set out are not new or original, they are vital and can no longer be ignored, especially by our educators at whatever level, without paying a hideous price. The mistakes in this writing are due to limitations, not to ill-will or to disregard of the reader's rights. Correction will be sincerely appreciated by the writer. Action along these lines will be even more appreciated.

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MY AUNT THE ABBESS

By JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

SHE IS not my aunt at all and really is no relation to me. I call her that because I feel like calling any elderly woman by that name when I like her very much, and also, as a kind of euphemism, when I don't like her at all. Through a long New England training, abbesses of medieval French convents had seemed to me, if they ever seemed anything at all, as a category of far-off romantic beings with whom there was no possibility of my ever coming into contact. That such a boyhood should ever develop into close friendship with a little company of Old World Augustinian nuns in a seven-century-old convent on the Marne was beyond belief.

But, extraordinary as it seemed, it came to pass and after fifteen years of unabated kindness from them the last mail sets it all going again by bringing a photograph of the Abbess herself, standing at the fore of her little procession of Sisters, against the background of dark oak, centuries old, with her hand on the altar and looking through the iron grille which divides their oratory from the great conventional church.

I had always hoped in a vague wistful way that romantic things might happen to me sometime. In an irate moment when she could stand no more a Bangor school teacher had told me that I would either be hung or else I'd amount to something, she didn't know which. This remark was made to me, and no offense taken, in those good old days before there was any pedagogy to speak of. Neither of these desiderata ever came to pass, for I took a sort of middle course between them in which romantic situations kept breaking in all the time.

Not to be too explicit about the site of the convent, lest I unloose upon the Sisters a line of tourists, it is in Château-Thierry—name ever dear to me—and I don't believe you could find if it you looked for it. The day the Germans were dislodged our outfit pressed in and in haste seized this ancient pile of monastic buildings for the wounded. Most of our men thought it no better and no worse than any other "diggings" and never paid any attention to it or realized that we were handling the fabric of the Middle Ages.

Wandering, in some lull in the uproar, up the Gibraltar-like staircases, to explore the fastnesses of this dwelling, I stopped spellbound in a great upper chamber, open to the weather and its floor six inches deep with gorgeous albs and chasubles and copes, with stoles and maniples and embroideries and lace. A move of my foot unearthed, buried beneath great lengths of Louis XIV tapestry, the golden miter of the Bishop. A doughboy in the far corner was rummaging in other wealth and called out as he held aloft a beautiful piece of brocade, "Now, what do you suppose this is, a maniple?" Then I knew that Maguire knew the wealth underfoot. The rest always laughed at Maguire and me because we knew, as if we were a bit touched in the head. But sometimes one or another condescended to carry off a piece of Louis XIVth as a doormat for his tent.

But we had hardly got settled in when, to the dismay of the commander, who should appear at the convent gates but the Abbess herself and a little group of nuns who had been waiting for three years in exile, returning as guileless as children, to inhabit their ancient home. The commander was nonplussed. Their return amid carnage and bombing was most untimely. At first he was for sending them right away, but it was their house. He finally decided that as I spoke bad French abundantly I might act as liaison officer and if I would see to it that they were housed somewhere out of harm's way, but very particularly out of our way and supplied with food, they might stay. For the most part their existence was forgotten, but in the intervals of my duty I lived a little every day in the Middle Ages, anywhere I chose all the way back to Saint Francis.

Our cook was an Irish Catholic, sound as a nut in fundamental good-will but thorny as a hedgehog about any intrusion into the great monastic kitchen. Strangely enough he somehow took to me and would do anything for me, "ignorant, superstitious and bigoted as he knew me to be." But he was cross in a moment if one of those Sisters, his own ecclesiastical kin, ever came near the kitchen. At such times he would grumble and scold to me about "that there Mother Superior of yours," as if she were somebody I had invented and brought on the scene, and as if I were responsible for 700 years of his own church history.

It was the Abbess I came to know best. The fact of my Protestantism was more or less amusing to her as something for which I was not to blame. Some aberration of my parents would account for all that. It was hard to realize that this almost young and very cheery person had lived there for thirty years. Though of the Augustinian rule, it was a very gentle rule she bore, there was never anything domineering about her. Never a whimper about their bad luck and she never bothered to speak vindictively about the invaders. They all set to work, mainly out of our sight, much as ants might, to repair their disturbed mound, with no time to waste remembering happier days. Many times each day she and I had brief conferences about arrangements and she was amazed and relieved to find that I was familiar with their liturgical ways. How did I ever learn about them in America, with all its wild and woolly and weird religions?

So I made bold to ask for the use of their immemorial church for our worship and she not only delighted to give it but seemed to take an almost sinful pleasure in helping me to arrange for it. She was more than annoyed when a rather uppish civilian director intervened with some directions and expressed a pious relief when he departed. But the rub came later when the *vicaire* came back and began to celebrate at this, the only undamaged, altar. There was no way to find out whether he would permit my services save to ask him. She would accompany me and put in a good word. And so after the Mass the Abbess in her conventual costume and the tall, courtly white-haired priest in his robes, and I in my khaki met in the sacristy behind the altar to talk it over. That cool, severe, white-walled sacristy, with its red-tiled floor, its

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lights and shades and these Old World figures, would have made a subject for a Dutch painter.

Our meeting was one of the pleasant mixtures of which our time is fortunately full. The Reverend Mother told the *vicaire* how sure I would be to respect all their feelings. He was puzzled but all dignity and kindness. This was all illegal and irregular but this was war and everything was changed. He could only act for himself. These Americans had come from very far; their sacrifices were in evidence at that moment in their courtyard in the wounded who lay there. With the Abbess he felt they must stretch every point. It was not in his heart to say no. But as our service would come in the afternoon he would be pleased if I would let it come after his own service of Benediction. When I told him that I would gladly be at the Benediction myself, that I had always loved to hear the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo," they were filled with wonder.

"And how could that be?"

It was all because in the old home town where I had listened to those cheerful prophecies about my latter end, other forces were also at work and our Catholic servant often relieved the family of my care on Sunday afternoons and carried me off to her church. And there had always been a thrill about the "O Salutaris" ever since. In those hours I also became acquainted with the monstrance, the great golden sun which enshrines the Host at Benediction. A week later up on the River Ourcq this boyhood incident stood me in good stead when one day I rescued the monstrance from sacrilege and destruction. But that settled it, the "O Salutaris." They felt quite safe. And so at the close of Benediction the *vicaire* came down the aisle and turned his church over to me and wished me a pleasant *conférence*. My Aunt was delighted.

At another time the Abbess, beaming, brought me another bit of romance. She deplored my sleeping in a cubicle next the morgue and said she could put me in the stately chamber of the Bishop which the invaders had spared. And there under a sweeping canopy of damask which fell from ceiling to floor with a Bishop's coat-of-arms over my head, I often lay for a few grandiose hours imagining myself a Prince of the Church, a dream always dispelled by the faithful bomber overhead, when I removed promptly to the coal-bins in the monastic cellars and reposed more modestly beside Skinny Halpin or Andrew Dozpoly, late of Warsaw. One day the door of this chamber opened and the Abbess entered accompanied by two civilian officers who apologized, saying that they had only come to mark a few of the furnishings of the room as national monuments which could never be taken from France.

I return at intervals to the ancient house to visit my adopted Aunt. In the great drawing-room or walking with the nuns in the garden, I apologize regularly for my French which the Abbess as regularly assures me was always excellent, but Sister Mary Magdalene laughingly suggests that I might spend a little more time on my verbs. My friends being introduced are just as sure of a welcome.

Once I returned on a Sunday morning and sat alone for a long time in the cool and shadowy church just vacated after the Mass. Shortly I realized that I was not alone. Over beyond the grille in the oratory I heard the clink of keys and there was the Abbess alone at her prayers on her throne.

She dropped her devotions, came swiftly across the chapel and putting her hand through the grille said, "Ah, we were talking about you last night at dinner."

She laughed as I asked her to open the door and let me in, saying, "But you know you can't come into this chapel. I will go around and open the other door."

"But I have been in this chapel many times as you well know," I said, and finding the key among the many on her girdle the rule of Augustine was cheerily relaxed once more and she opened the gate and said, "But before I take you into the convent you must come first to look at the little blue chapel which was always your favorite; we have renovated it, it is very lovely."

The last time I returned, taking with me three American boys, an aged nun appeared at the great door. She looked troubled at the sight of so many men. No, the Abbess was not at home. She was at the upper house on the hill, attending a confirmation. Asking if she did not remember me, I was there during the war, she replied that, alas, there were a great many there during the war. Then just as she was slowly closing the door I said that I was Monsieur l'Aumonier Americain and with that she threw the door wide open and welcomed us in to the great drawing-room. She would send for Soeur Ste. T——, as they called her, and she would come at once. And in a quarter of an hour come she did with unexhausted welcome, to show us all about and talk over old days.

When I had left fifteen years ago she had given me at parting the golden miter of the Bishop which I had unearthed. And now on my mentioning it she went and brought down that coat-of-arms above the bed for me to see again. The boys were awed by it.

Then looking up at me she asked, "And would you like to have it to hang in your own room in America?"

And there it hangs today. It recalled that time when at our departure this dear adopted Aunt had summoned me again to the sacristy at the close of day and pointing to folded lengths of the Louis XIVth needlework on the sacristy chairs had bidden me take them home also. They are the glory of our Massachusetts home. But she herself is a daily memory of gracious influence. She was one of the kind of people who have a hush around them. And I savor this friendship all the more when I remember my old school teacher who had my good at heart even during that bad attack of overprediction. I felt in my bones, even before I found out what Thoreau thought about it in connection with John Brown, that "a man couldn't make two-and-sixpence a day getting hung, take it the year round"; and as for amounting to something, while I would have liked it well enough, it never seemed to me that the world owed it to me whether or no. But I always felt sure that I could pick up a good collection of very happy memories and that most likely the best of them might proceed from things that were being thrown away by everybody else.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church. — Impressive services at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York and St. Patrick's Church in Washington were among the nation-wide observances, February 9, in which Catholic Boy Scout troops marked the twenty-sixth anniversary of scouting in America. * * * At a meeting in London of the Messengers of the Faith, who since their foundation in 1914 have aided 2,000 persons to enter the Church, one of its founders declared that since the World War seventy-three new religious communities have been founded in the Church throughout the world. * * * The new free School of Social Sciences conducted by Jesuit and lay professors of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, now has 1,175 students, four times the enrolment anticipated last fall. Among the students are "teachers, truckdrivers, lawyers, beauticians, bank clerks, labor union officials, civic employees, social service workers, mechanics and so on." * * * The Association of Catholic Swiss University Students, which numbers 1,300 active members and 3,500 alumni, recently adopted a resolution condemning religious persecution in Germany. * * * At a gathering said to be the largest ever held by Catholics in Puerto Rico, 10,000 men from the Diocese of San Juan attended the formal inauguration of Catholic Action in north Puerto Rico. The Diocese of San Juan is the oldest see under the American flag. * * * Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon, has issued a pastoral deploring the dearth of priests in Lisbon. Numbers are diminishing and at present there is only one diocesan priest for every 4,500 people. * * * The fourth All-India Catholic Congress, recently held at Nagpur, was attended by delegates from twenty-five dioceses of India. The general theme of the conference was "Catholic Missions in India." * * * Because of their congregation's work among the Japanese children of Los Angeles and Seattle, two Maryknoll Sisters were accorded a reception at the Peers' Club of Tokyo by the International Cultural Relations Society. Members of the imperial household were present. * * * Last year there were 30,000 conversions in the Vicariate Apostolic of Ruanda, Central Africa, a territory under Belgian administration. In June, 91,248 native catechumens were in the final two years of required instruction and probation; 55,000 more have applied to the White Fathers for admission to the Church.

The Nation.—Difficult weather and political rumblings marked the week, and the death of former Vice-President Charles Curtis, companion of Mr. Hoover during the dark days when the bottom was falling out of the new economy. He was seventy-six years old and the first man of Indian blood to attain important federal office. Since retiring as Vice-President he has been practising law in Washington and keeping a finger on the pulse of Republican politics. * * * As the administration prepared to submit a budget to Congress involving a tax program to raise between $400,000,000 and $500,000,000, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, and Mr. Henry P. Fletcher of the Republican National Committee let go a scorching blast about Democratic extravagance and indicated that this would be made the major plank of the Republicans' forthcoming bid for power in the fall elections. * * * A major strike in the highly organized and inclined-to-be-Red dressmaking trade threatened. * * * Former Mayor James J. Walker at a testimonial dinner by the New York letter carriers to Postmaster General James A. Farley, made some veiled aspersions on former Governor Alfred Emmanuel Smith and was wildly cheered. * * * The President was said to be planning an "All American" peace parley for extension of the good effects of the new policy toward our Latin-American neighbors. * * * Former Republican leader Fess, of Ohio, challenged Senator Borah to prove that he was a Republican and seriously crippled, thereby, the early campaign of Senator Borah's supporters for his nomination for the Presidency. * * * Congressional leaders were said to be planning a list of "must" bills with the idea of leaving Washington in May before the extremely hot weather sets in. * * * Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Lamont were bidden Godspeed by the Senate Munitions Committee and absolved of any dark and mysterious motives. Mr. Morgan said that it would be nice to preserve the leisure class, by which he meant families that could afford at least one servant. This occasioned more national discussion than the affairs to do with the supposed economic motivations of war. * * * The Supreme Court unanimously held that the tax engineered by the late Senator Long to be levied on large newspapers, which opposed him, was an illegal restraint on a free press—"one of the great interpreters between the government and the people." The New York State Milk Control Law regulating prices was upheld.

The Wide World.—Political maneuvering in Europe took the emphasis off the Ethiopian conflict and placed it on protection against the German menace. Some saw in this primarily an effort by British statesmen to divert public attention from the issues at stake in Africa, so as to make settlement through conciliation easier. Italy seemed aware of the grave difficulties involved in any attempt to push the war to a successful conclusion. Indubitable evidence of widespread suffering and dissatisfaction was furnished by correspondents. * * * That the emphasis was placed on Germany was made evident in two ways. First the British government rejected a Laborite resolution to confer with other powers on the distribution of raw materials in colonial areas, though previously Sir Samuel Hoare had told Geneva that such a conference might well be expedient. The German government replied with statements that the former Reich colonies were only temporarily held by others and must again be recognized as Germany property. Second, the huge armament program, by means of which His Majesty's gov-

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ernment hopes to make up for time lost during years when there seemed to be some hope of general demilitarization, was launched to the accompaniment of a sensational charge that Hitlerites were planning to invade France through Holland, thus directly threatening the safety of Britain. This called attention incidentally to the troubled situation in Queen Wilhelmina's usually placid realm, where strong bodies of National-Socialists and Trotzkyite Communists have been organized recently. The Dutch were said to be erecting strong defenses along the exposed boundary. * * * In France, the efforts of M. Flandin to build up a powerful chain of armed powers round about Germany seemed for a moment to have come to grief, and it was reported that a visit from the Archduke Otto had sufficed to chill the blood of every diplomat visiting Paris. Virtually the next day one was informed, however, that the negotiations were in full swing, and that the bonds between France and Russia in particular had been cemented anew. One was forced to realize that foreign correspondence these days suffers both from the inability of journalists to get real news, and from the nervousness affecting even the most highly placed in all capitals. The French themselves, beset with economic problems and a vast measure of political strife, heard General André Niessel declare that the Hitler government had moved 40,000 troops into the "demilitarized" Rhineland. * * * The assassination of a Nazi organizer in Switzerland—Herr Wilhelm Gustloff—by a Jugoslav student of Jewish blood had considerable repercussions. The body of the victim was cremated, after much pomp and ceremony. Dr. Goebbels prohibited meetings under the auspices of the Jewish League for Culture, in order to forestall clashes. Further actions against Jewish groups in Germany were expected. Meanwhile a series of major and minor anti-Semitic outbursts were reported from Poland. * * * The Olympic Games were in progress at Garmisch-Partenkichen. To date the most stirring events reported were clashes featuring the redoubtable Mr. Brundage as a debater.

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The Religious Situation in Germany. — Following the recent Pastoral Letter of the Bishops, in which explicit or implied violations of the Concordat were enumerated, a conference between spokesmen for the hierarchy and Herr Hans Kerrl, government official for religious matters, was scheduled. But the project came to naught. Apparently the Bavarian bishops were alarmed by the outcome of the school elections in Munich, where Nazi pressure exacted a 65-percent vote for secular education. At any rate, Herr Kerrl was suddenly "taken ill," and Cardinal Faulhaber immediately thereafter trounced enemies of the Christian faith from his favorite pulpit in St. Michael's Church. On February 10, the news was published that a raid on the headquarters of the Catholic Youth Organizations in Duesseldorf had been carried out. This was, of course, not the first of such actions. But this time Monsignor Ludwig Wolker and at least a dozen of his lay associates were taken into custody. Apparently the object was to crush at one blow the existence of the organizations, with the idea of presenting the bishops with a *fait accompli*. Monsignor Wolker has been one of the most adroit and successful of Catholic negotiators. Again and again he managed somehow to enlist aid in forestalling Hitlerite raids on the magnificent youth movement which he more than any other single person managed to weld into a unified association. Germany owes him a debt for patriotic service, since it was his appeal to the youth of the Saar that took much of the wind out of autonomist sails. His arrest is the most serious overt blow yet struck at Catholic youth solidarity in Germany. It remains to be seen whether the bishops will themselves extend a protecting hand over the movement and appoint one of themselves to act as the chief leader, or whether Nazi pressure will have its way.

Strike and Near Strike.—Pekin, Illinois, a manufacturing town of 17,000 inhabitants, furnished the most spectacular of an unusual amount of labor controversy news. For three days the local Trades and Labor Assembly conducted a tight general strike. The distillery which antagonized the unionists by trying to open with non-union labor agreed to shut down until an agreement between management and men could be arranged, and the agreement followed almost immediately. The town's chief of police, who had said that Pekin needed "a vigilante committee of about 100 tough citizens," was left in office against the grain of unionists who pledged continued efforts to oust him. The most complicated labor trouble was brewing in New York City, where several large strikes threatened. Ninety percent of American women's dresses are made by 105,000 workers in the lofts in and near Manhattan. The industry is conducted by manufacturers, who make and sell dresses, jobbers who buy the cloth and design and make samples but turn over production to contractors, and contractors who bid for jobbers' work and have it done in their little shops. The average income in the "inside shops" of manufacturers is $1,100 per year, while in the contractors' shops workers on "jobbers' dresses" get only about $700. Two-thirds of the dresses come from the latter. The jobber-contractor system gives flexibility to the mercurial industry, whose production varies from 41,400 to 2,730,000 dresses a week, but it entails burdens which the powerful International Ladies' Garment Workers industrial union seems ready to fight.

Redistributing Colonies.—One of the measures most widely advocated these days to lessen the economic pressure that leads to war is the redistribution of the world's raw materials, particularly for the benefit of Germany, Italy and Japan. One of the chief difficulties of this scheme is the unwillingness of nations with rich colonial empires to part with colonies or mandates. When George Lansbury, noted British Labor leader, entered a motion in the House of Commons, February 5, that the British government through the League of Nations should immediately call an international conference to deal with the question, the project was defeated by the safe margin of 228 to 137. France also appears unwilling to part with any of her hard-won colonies. In a recent issue of *Sept*

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two letters point out further difficulties in this scheme in which peace advocates have placed so much hope. Both writers agree that it would be unfair to the natives to hand them over from one colonizing power to another. As "a Colonial" puts it, "If many of the developed natives had the opportunity to express their thought, they would doubtless say to us, 'Get out.' But if a change of master were proposed to them it is probable that they would reply, 'Remain. You at least we know.'" This writer also suggests that at a time "when colonial nations are much embarrassed by their distant dependencies" it is a serious question whether the acquisition of new colonies would be a benefit to the "have-nots," who are already under severe economic duress. In any event the only possibility in his opinion would be the redistribution of mandates through the League of Nations, by which they were conferred. In this connection Germany is said to be particularly anxious for her former colonies of East Africa, Togoland and the Cameroons as sources of raw materials within the German currency sphere.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has released an urgent appeal made by the executive committee of the federation for "a consistent policy in and continuity of relief administration." This statement says in part, "We desire to emphasize with all the force at our command the destructive effect on the human spirit of the fear and uncertainty to which the unemployed are subjected and which are particularly prevalent among them at the present time. In our opinion what is needed at this time is immediate appropriations by Congress and the states and communities of sums sufficient for the next twelve months. This would provide a breathing spell for the unemployed, give them a measure of security and reduce the fears and uncertainties which would haunt them during a year of national elections." * * * The National Conference on the Rural Church held in Washington, January 15-17, under the auspices of the Home Missions Council and Council of Women for Home Missions, had as its general theme "The Rural Church Today and Tomorrow." Eighteen religious bodies were represented among the 257 delegates from thirty states of the Union and from the Dominion of Canada. A comprehensive program of rural church activity was adopted, with special emphasis on the essential spiritual aspect of the work. * * * This Lent several hundred thousand members of different denominations are expected to use the "Fellowship of Prayer," a devotional study for each day of the season. Some 750,000 copies were distributed last year.

Catholic Youth Organization.—CYO, the organization for youths developed in Chicago by Cardinal Mundelein and Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, receives increasing notice. It was recently announced that Catholic youth work in New York will be set up on a plan somewhat parallel to that of CYO. A Hearst newspaper in Chicago, the *American,* following out the patron's newly strengthened and sometimes disconcerting interest in the Catholic Church, has recently run articles describing the work. "Besides providing one of the most comprehensive and complete athletic programs ever organized for the youth of a city, here is the scope of the Catholic Youth Organization: A social service organization providing nearly 2,000,000 meals each year. . . . The Working Boys' Home houses 150 youth. . . . A group of former gold coast mansions known as the CYO hotels, furnishes constant shelter for an average of nearly 400 young men. . . . An educational program has already presented 687 scholarships to high schools, trade schools, preparatory schools, universities, colleges, art and business colleges. Vacation centers are furnished for 15,000 children each summer. The CYO Boy Scout troop comprises 8,000 youths. . . . Three bands are maintained. . . . There is the million dollar Lewis Holy Name School of Aeronautics at Lockport. . . . Fifty thousand boys and girls of Chicago have received free medical and dental care and free hospitalization when necessary. Schools of every known form and description are maintained. . . . The CYO every Saturday afternoon holds a literary tea where the youth of Chicago may come and discuss art and literature with competent instructors. . . . Also under the direction of the CYO are the Rita Clubs, with three buildings where working girls and visiting girls may reside. . . . Allied closely with the CYO is the 'Cisca' organization—the Chicago Students Catholic Action. . . . There is the parole work. . . . And there is an employment bureau. This vast organization has been brought together in less than six years!"

Fellowship in Several Forms.—During the month of February, which boasts two national commemoration days, several important endeavors to promote mutual respect between the various groups of our heterogeneous population are features of the day's business. Brotherhood Day, sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, is observed by groups of thousands of American cities. Its appeal grows with each year. A new venture is the "Fellowship Dinner" being planned in New York by Religion and Welfare Recovery. The date is the evening of February 18; the scene is the Hotel Astor; and arrangements can be made by addressing Religion and Welfare Recovery at 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Judge Martin T. Manton, Senior Circuit Court Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, will be one of the speakers. Among those to be heard from the dais are also Secretary George H. Dern, representing the President, Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, William Green, and Mrs. Edward Jacobs. The underlying purpose of the affair is to promote fellowship and mutual respect between those of different religious affiliations. Those who wish to hear the oratory but feel unable to attend the dinner may take station in the hotel balconies.

Campion Propaganda.—The Campion Propaganda Committee, a Catholic youth organization for the purpose of spreading the social teachings of the Church and of putting these teachings into actual practise, has trans-

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formed its former regular sheet, the *CPC,* into a mimeographed monthly magazine, called *Liturgy and Sociology*. The Campions, closely associated with the *Catholic Worker* groups, are similarly inspired by the knowledge that "the age of individualism, laissez-faire industrialism and self-seeking capitalism is dead and gone." They believe that "in the liturgy we have the means to teach Catholics, thrown apart by individualism into snobbery, apathy, prejudice, blind unreason, that they are members of one Body and that 'an injury to one is an injury to all.'" Their work, which this modest paper well reflects, consists of prayer, action and sacrifice. *Liturgy and Sociology* assumes a vigorous opposition against "Capitalism, Fascism, Nazism and Marxism," and also "against elements within the Church who, while professing the outward signs of religion, nevertheless maintain a monstrous compromise with Totalitarianism and commit a daily sabotage upon the Mystical Body of Christ." It supports "a Christian personalist communitarianism." Liturgical prayer, study, discussion, week-end assemblies, distribution of papers, charitable works and cooperation with such undertakings as the *Catholic Worker* farm commune are undertaken by the Campions. They have received special notice by their picketing activity on the streets of New York. Sections are being formed in various parts of the country, and are already active in such cities as New York, Washington and St. Louis.

Christian Almanac.—The "Franciscan Almanac" has just made its thirtieth appearance since the beginning of the century. This is the first new edition since 1933, and the first issue published by the St. Anthony Guild Press. Entirely new are a summary of the last three years of the pontificate of Pius XI, a survey of the relations of Church and State in various countries of the world, and a comprehensive section, "Events of Catholic Interest in 1935," which was compiled from COMMONWEAL columns. Regular sections have been corrected and expanded, notably the long chapter on education in this country, and the statistical survey of missions. In the 482 pages are the enormously miscellaneous items which, in any successful almanac, defy classifications, although most of them concern things of interest to people primarily as Catholics. It is an easy Catholic ready reference, a small cyclopedia. Liturgy, history, dogma, are compressed into the smallest possible space. Organizations are identified, as well as notable Catholics alive and dead, and geographical areas. There are the simplifications which give an archaic charm to all almanacs, as a literary form. Among many items not of primarily religious interest are the present personnel of the United States government; the alphabetical labels of the New Deal; the proper budget for man, wife and 1, 2, 3 children; how politely to eat your dinner. The book shows the innumerable very serious interests of active Catholics, as well as serving the curiosity of those who simply like interesting facts.

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Record Army Bill.—The War Department appropriation bill introduced in the House, February 10, by the Appropriations Committee calling for total expenditures of $572,655,316, reached an all-time high for times of peace. It raised the strength of regular army from 147,000 to 150,000—still 15,000 short of the limit set by Congress last year. The National Guard was to be increased from 195,000 to 200,000 officers and men. The largest rise in expenditure provisions was for coast defense, last year's $1,284,970 being raised to $8,518,994 in the proposed appropriations for 1937. One of the most widely debated provisions was for airplanes, for provisions for 800 new ships were expected. Only 565 were provided for, but it was pointed out that if a similar number were included in the 1938 budget the five-year quota of 1,648 new planes would be exceeded by 566. General Malin Craig, Army Chief of Staff, in a report to Congress published February 10, declared, "It is perfectly evident to everyone that troublous times have again arrived in the world. A state of war exists in Africa, Asia is resounding to the tramp of marching men. These are far from our shores. We do not see how they can possibly concern us. Nevertheless it is unwise to neglect the lessons of our past experience." The same day the daily press reported that Major General Johnson Hagood had told a House appropriations subcommittee in December of deplorable living conditions among American soldiers and civilian workers and said that $150,000,000 was needed to complete the work of housing the army decently. He asked for $38,000,000 for army housing during the coming year.

First Free Port.—Creation of the first free port in the United States was assured by the granting of approval through the Department of Commerce of a plan for such a port on Staten Island in New York City. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the first of such ports in modern times established at Genoa, Italy. Municipal piers on Staten Island, with a surrounding area of land, will be shut off by a high wire fence and patroled by Customs men, who will live within the enclosure and be paid by New York City. Foreign goods may be landed at the piers without duty being levied on them. These may be sorted, combined with American products, repacked, graded and labeled; then continued on their way to foreign markets. Some grades of the commodities suitable for the American market may pay the regular customs and be admitted. A railroad connection and lighterage facilities to all parts of New York harbor will be provided for the port. The Celler bill, signed by the President in June, 1934, made possible the establishment of such free ports and created a Foreign Trade Zones Board consisting of the Secretaries of Commerce, War and the Treasury. Representative Celler has declared that four free ports are being planned for the United States, two on the Atlantic Coast, one on the Gulf of Mexico and one on the Pacific. Throughout the world, there are forty such ports now in operation. Commerce in the Staten Island port is expected to begin within two months and it has been estimated that 120,000 tons of merchandise will be handled during the first year and that eventually the volume of freight will be increased many times.

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The Play and Screen

Margaret Anglin

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN is one of the few really great ladies of the English-speaking stage. She possesses a distinction of personality, manner and delivery which are a heritage from a more spacious and aristocratic, a more truly imaginative age. She has that indefinable thing known as the grand manner, a thing alien to the present generation of actors, because it is alien to the age itself. The grand manner is a product of leisure, of certainty of position, of unquestioning belief in the value of manners themselves, and is possible with rare exceptions only in a society in which gradations of rank and social importance are recognized and accepted. In a leveling, revolutionary period, a period of instability and flux, a period in which manners mean little and personal physical accomplishment much, it is only the truly great artist who can re-create that manner and yet not be absurd. Margaret Anglin is such an artist. Though her true métier is Shakespeare and the Greek drama, she can yet walk upon the stage in the flimsiest of comedies, and by making the trivial seem important, by turning flippancy into wit, and by bursting through the meager fancy of the playwright and filling the void with something regal and imaginative, lift the play to a stature astonishing to its author. This is precisely what she has succeeded in doing in Ivor Novello's "Fresh Fields."

It isn't that "Fresh Fields" is an unamusing play. Of its kind it is as good as the next. It tells the old story, dear to second-rate English playwrights and novelists, of the rich, good-hearted but rather vulgar American or Colonial family, which arrives in London and pays an impoverished British aristocrat to launch it into West End society. In "Fresh Fields" the family is Australian, and consists of a mother, daughter and uncle. The daughter of course marries the son of the house and restores its prosperity, and the uncle marries the esthetic aunt of the son. So in the end golden hearts and millions win out against aristocratic snootiness, and yet the audience is given to feel that after all the snootiness was partially justified. It is the sort of play which was popular in New York in the nineties, and which still is popular in London. Oddly enough the laughter of the first-night audience seemed to show that it may even be popular in New York today. And to be fair to it, it has a number of amusing situations, and dialog which is at least at times a mild substitute for real wit.

Of course all the figures are stock characters, the comic butler, the vulgar Colonial mother, the Colonial brother, rough but very ready, the pert and honest-spoken Colonial daughter, the comic aristocratic esthete, and even the character of Lady Mary Crabbe, the mistress of the house—had that character been played by anyone but Margaret Anglin. But played by Miss Anglin it suddenly comes to life, almost Falstaffian life, and we are transported into regions where Mr. Ivor Novello seems for the moment almost an Important Dramatist. And there are other admirable players, especially one young Australian actress new to New York. Miss Agnes Doyle plays the Australian daughter with a verve, a color, a comic sense, even a poignancy, which makes us hope we shall see her in other plays. Philip Tonge as the butler and Mary Sargent as Lady Lillian are amusing in stereotyped parts. Boyd Davis makes a likable rough diamond. It is a pity, however, that Lilian Talbot should so overplay the part of Lady Strawholme. Not an altogether unamusing evening, and when Miss Anglin speaks a delightful one. (At the Empire Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Modern Times

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN'S "Modern Times" arrives at last, after three years of premeditation, two years of preparation and production, and an outlay of $2,000,000 of Chaplin cash. Not all of this huge expenditure of time and effort and money, however, shows materialistically on the screen, its expenditure being peculiar to Mr. Chaplin's method of doing things. With no particular place to go after nearly a quarter-century of screen frivolities, Mr. Chaplin takes his time.

The production itself is considerably more important as an event that serves to bring back the great pantomimist after a voluntary five-year idleness—since "City Lights," in 1931—than it is as a motion picture. Not that "Modern Times" can be dismissed so lightly entertainment-wise. But the press-agent heraldry which preceded the first public showing would lead one to expect more.

For one thing, one did not expect that Mr. Chaplin would suddenly deviate from his avowed purpose of setting forth the victimization of a worker subjected to the speed-up production system in a great modern plant of this machine age. He does, however, perpetrate a series of events that are vivid though artful reminders of such old Chaplin classics as "The Rink," with its roller-skating acrobatics, "The Floorwalker," with its department-store escalator, the sentimentality of "The Vagabond" and the dope motivation of "Easy Street." Only a Charlie Chaplin can get away with such a repetition of a memory album of earlier triumphs.

In this way, then, "Modern Times" for the most part is a series of short motion pictures, almost any one of which can easily be lifted bodily from the whole and not interfere with the play. It is the Chaplin of old throughout. He still cavorts in exploration of the world as if he had never before seen it, gagging always to bring on the chase, and the chase is as thrilling as ever, even if a little more complex by virtue of the machinations of huge factory equipments. Mr. Chaplin still suffers, too, as the microscopically mustached, clumsily shod sentimentalist, with hat and cane, who sighs and shares his lot with the wistful waif in distress. His aide in this business, and a capable miss, too, is the lithe and pretty Paulette Goddard, variously described as a Chaplin "find." Miss Goddard is at least that. The picture is essentially in the technique of the silent days, aided no little by well-fitted incidental music and sounds that accompany Chaplin, as vigorous as of yore, in and out of half a dozen jobs.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

THE SILENCE OF THEOLOGIANS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: There are times when theologians and editors must remain silent—when dictators muzzle the press. THE COMMONWEAL and the *Catholic World* are scandalized that on the Ethiopian question the theologians have not spoken out. They are in the same boat as the editors and neither may rock it on the troubled sea of International Ethics. Father Gillis "wasn't scandalized or even surprised in 1914" when the German theologians shouted "Hoch der Kaiser." But he suffered both sensations when on a recent visit abroad he contrasted the lambastings of Mussolini in England, with the silence of editors in Italy.

War is not the only question on which professors take sides. "D.D." may mean "Doctors Disagree." We saw that during prohibition. There were a few Catholic theologians who contended that it was mortal sin to violate the Eighteenth Amendment.

I am not scandalized at Italian silence nor surprised by English bravery. It all depends on which side of the fence is one's interest or preference. It's like the Army versus Notre Dame. What side did English editors take during the war on South Africa? What side did they and theologians always take on South Ireland? Are the English in agreement with Mahatma Ghandi?

During our Civil War there were theological dictums for North and South, as during the Spanish War there were editors who fumed against Spain and theologians who excommunicated Uncle Sam.

Like the lawyer tempting the Saviour with, "Who is my neighbor?" one may arise to inquire, "Who is my theologian?" When a bishop goes to a council he takes with him a theologian just as a diplomat journeying to Paris buys a ticket for his valet. The every-day man can carry along only a suitcase and his conscience. May a man's conscience be his theologian? Yes, and what then? Unless his conscience turns coward he lands in a concentration camp, while his country is slaughtering armies whose conscience is within their armor.

When the World War began American editors and theologians were divided about German guilt. Italy for a while flirted with Austria and her strong partner, and then gave her heart and her hand to the Allies. After Wilson led us into war who among the writers or thinkers dared speak out loud?

Consider our conduct with conscientious objectors. I happened to be in Salt Lake City when the Armistice noise silenced the world's guns. Outside that Mormon stronghold is Fort Douglas. In it for our period of the war, and for a *year* afterward, there was a humble, harmless, little German priest who had been jailed for some alleged disloyalty to the flag of the free. He was packed off so quickly from his obscure parish in Texas, that he wasn't able to pack his breviaries. After the long punishment he was only deported, not beheaded.

In that same prison were two fine Catholic laymen, one from Denver, the other a young lawyer from Boston, who had courageously said the war is "unjust." They were not slackers, and they would not become profiteers. The young man from Boston had been excommunicated by the General Council of the Knights of Columbus. Yet Robert E. Lee was not considered a traitor when he became a "rebel." Conscience doth not make cowards of everybody.

Everybody is crying out why does not the Pope excommunicate Mussolini, just as Father Gillis scalps Bernard Shaw? Were the Pope to denounce Italy no Avignon could hold him. He is the only sovereign who must remain neutral, because he is ruler of all. Everybody wants the Pope to take sides during war, but nobody will let him sit at the pacts of peace. Had the Pope been at Versailles, he would have done more than the diplomats to make the world safe for democracy. Was it democracy or hypocrisy?

FIDELIS.

THE VETERAN'S PATRIOTISM

Dubuque, Iowa.

TO the Editor: I am referring to the article published by THE COMMONWEAL, "The Veteran's Patriotism," by Robert Withington, in the issue of January 31.

I wonder what Mr. Withington is driving at. What is his purpose in writing this article? Is he trying to make out a case against the soldier's bonus? It is futile to discuss that since that is all settled.

Is he trying to make out or insinuate that the soldiers are more selfish than the ranks of the people from which they come? That is also a futile thing to discuss. Why should he expect the soldiers to be more patriotic or less selfish than the "stay-at-homes" who, at least some of them, profited by the war? If the soldiers were more patriotic during the war it was because we were simple enough to believe that those who led us into war did so because they wanted, truly, to save "poor little Belgium" and to "save democracy and civilization." If they went to war for profits why shouldn't we at least get a little recompense for our mangled limbs, mangled to save the profits of the greedy? It is only the selfishness of those who got us into war, coming to light more and more every session of Congress, that robbed us of the kind of patriotism that led us to kill other peoples and sit back and let the war-profiteers tell us that they cannot pay.

It would be a good thing to pay the bonus to get it out of politics, if for no other reason. It has been a political football long enough. Every time there was talk of paying it the public thought we were getting "another bonus."

You cannot make anyone patriotic by telling him that he is not so. Patriotism is largely composed of unselfishness, or love of your neighbor. Would you begin to try to make another love you by telling him that he hates you? That article considered in the light of what I have stated above looks as though it were no more patriotic than we are.

THEODORE STUCKART, M. D.

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New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Was surprised and disappointed at an article in your January 31 copy by a Robert Withington. He is evidently not a World War veteran, and hence knows nothing of the suffering and horrors of war, and the hatreds it engenders. Again he evidently is ignorant of how our soldiers were treated during and after the war. During the war we were heroes and acclaimed on all sides, but on our return to this country we were treated as intruders and strangers when we tried to get back the jobs we lost, because they had been filled with younger and cheaper labor. He speaks of our own our native land, and says the veterans are unfair in expecting any recognition for what they have done.

Let us consider the average soldier during the past war. He was a young man in his twenties, with a good position, about to get married, with his whole life ahead of him. What happens, because some bankers, munition manufacturers and other business men want their debts protected? He is drafted into the service; not as July 4 orators would have you think, to save democracy, or our nation from foreign invasion; but to travel over 3,000 miles away to shoot and kill people against whom we have no grievance, and whom we find far surpassing us in courtesy, refinement and real culture.

Those who are now criticizing the soldier for asking for what is justly his due, remained safely at home earning enormous war-time salaries, in our shipyards, munition factories and other war-time industries. They should be ashamed to utter a word of criticism against those who have worked, fought and died for their country, while the patriotic praters have been exploiting it and profiting by its distress and need.

A VETERAN.

ALASKA CATHOLIC MISSIONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Will you be good enough to publish on the Communications page of your valued weekly the following interesting letter?—

"Fairbanks, Alaska, January 15, 1936.

"Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Flynn, P. A.,
Director General, Marquette League,
105 East 22nd Street,
New York City.

"Dear Monsignor Flynn:

"In answer to your appeal for Catholic Indian Missions in Alaska, printed in THE COMMONWEAL of December 20, I beg to enclose herewith my check for $100.

"Bishop Crimont is a very dear friend of both my wife and myself, and I might have handed him this check in person, as I know the needs of the Mission schools for which you appeal, and the great burden imposed on our good Bishop in caring adequately for this part of his widely scattered flock. But I am sending you the money because I wanted you to know how much we Alaskans (and I speak for the many) esteem Bishop Crimont.

"He is a real shepherd of the flock entrusted to his care. You know him, and will agree with me that he is a charmingly kindly and lovable man—a real saintly man, without pose or pretense—whom it is a privilege to know. (The dear Bishop would say that I use too extravagant terms if he thought I thus described him.)

"The Catholic Missions up here are bright spots in the Alaska picture. I know the work they are doing, and it is a real work of mercy and of charity—a good work in all truth.

"Bishop Crimont is supported in his work by a devoted and courageous band of religious, both priests and Sisters. They are the very 'salt of the earth' in my humble estimation. I know many of them personally and have reason to be grateful to some of them especially in my own time of need.

"It is a pleasure, I assure you, to respond to your appeal, as I know how much the work of the Marquette League means in carrying on this good work of the Alaska Catholic Missions.

"With kindest respects to you, dear Monsignor,

"Faithfully yours,

"George Preston."

Thanking you for this and all your other many kindnesses,

RT. REV. MSGR. WILLIAM J. FLYNN, P. A.,
Director General, Marquette League.

IRELAND REVISITED

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor: If Father Mangan had defined his terms more accurately, he would have escaped the pitfall into which he has slipped. He should note the difference between agriculture and grazing before he settles the economic problems of Ireland. I haven't his first-hand information about the situation there, but I have his words and his arguments. He predicates something about agriculture and proves his point in four or five columns about something else. He doesn't realize that he is disproving his own proposition.

For generations the rich lands of the central plain of Ireland have been given over to grazing. The graziers have waxed rich, while farmers have struggled hopelessly with less fertile ground, and poorer folk have starved in their mountain holdings. As I understand the policy of the De Valera government, it is to return this land to agriculture, so that the wealth of the country may be more equally distributed—not a bad plan, most of us will admit.

Let's have fewer tears for the reduced income of the rich rancher of Meath, and an occasional thought for the starving peasant of Connemara. But, above all, let us think straight and define our terms.

Father Mangan is not alone in his sympathy for the graziers. In an interview some months ago an eminent member of our hierarchy voiced the same concern. Their plaint sounds like an echo of the Liberty League and the New York *Tribune* wailing over the wretched plight of the American capitalist. They should all read Mr. Dooley on the sufferings of the unfortunate rich.

THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

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Books

A Group of Converts

William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit, by Edward Hawks. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $2.00.

DURING October, 1907, the General Convention of the Episcopal Church assembled in Richmond, Virginia, for a three weeks session. Without spirited opposition from the House of Bishops this convention, the legislative authority of Anglicanism for the United States, altered the existing law on preaching to allow the Open Pulpit Canon. This startling new legislation, a triumph for the Modernistic element in the gathering, brought distress to the Anglo-Catholic Episcopalians, who comprehended the effects of admitting into their pulpits "those who denied the fundamental beliefs of that Church." The Modernists were not sluggish in the use of this new power. At once "throughout the whole country ministers of every Protestant denomination were . . . invited, with the approval of the local bishop, into Anglican pulpits." Chaotic doctrines were preached to staid Episcopalian congregations, where the twilight of open pulpit opinion was accepted for the certainty of faith. Although in the minority, the Anglo-Catholic clergymen, who resisted the unexpected developments in their church enactments, gathered forces against the gay indifference to dogmatic belief tolerated by those who did not catch the sardonic undertones of this open pulpit procedure.

Two tracts of protest, "The Open Pulpit in the Episcopal Church" and "The Future of the Catholic Movement in the Episcopal Church," were published by William McGarvey, rector of St. Elizabeth's Church in Philadelphia and Master of the Companions of the Saviour, a religious society within the American Episcopal Church. McGarvey was the spiritual and intellectual leader of the Anglo-Catholic churchmen who were devoted to the ideal of celibacy and to the necessity of dogmatic faith. In Philadelphia this celibate movement, brought to life in 1870 by Dr. Batterson, was strengthened by the prestige of the celebrated Dr. Percival, and sustained under the quiet, compelling leadership of William McGarvey. The Open Pulpit legislation was a crisis in the lives of nearly twenty ministers who had come under McGarvey's spiritual and theological influence. Some preceded him into the Catholic Church. Several were ordained priests with him. Father Hawks was one of these. He rightly concludes: "The conversion of Dr. McGarvey was without a doubt one of the most stirring events that has ever taken place in the Episcopal Church." Cardinal Dougherty explains this in his Foreword: "What Newman had been to the Tractarian Movement, McGarvey was to its American counterpart. He had been a light in the Episcopal Church and had been looked up to by many of its chief ministers and laymen as a model and guide."

"William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit" is the complete history of an unusual group of converts to the Catholic Church. From Philadelphia as the center the narrative leads the reader into details of Episcopalian ac-

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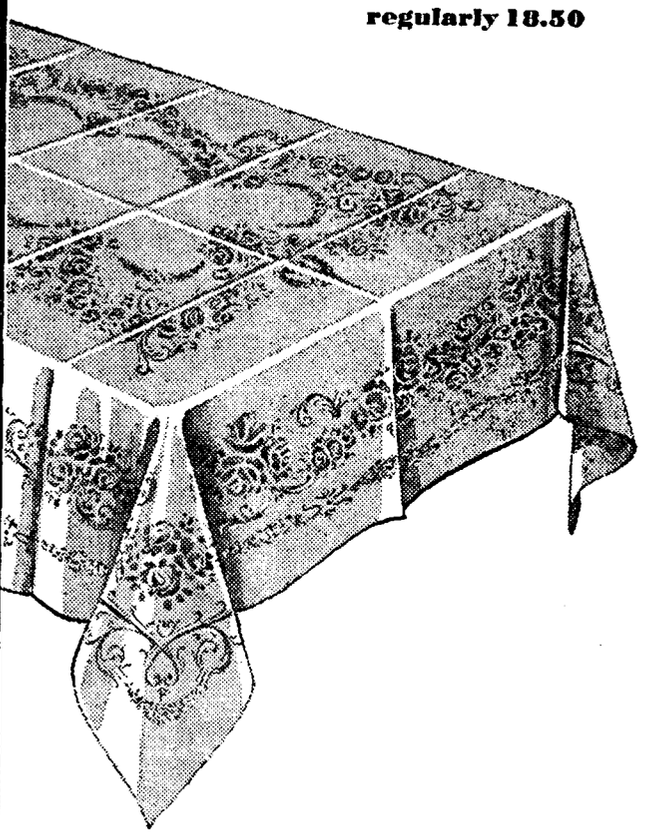

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Next Week

"I find that in so many of our well-intentioned organizations, in child study groups, and in other groups of mothers and teachers, and in social service classes, altogether too much attention has been and is being paid to the question of sex to the neglect of other far more important factors. . . . Many of the social groups, instead of spending hours upon hours on 'sex education' could spend time more profitably if they would discuss how to develop honesty, respect for authority, patriotism, love of neighbor," writes Dr. Bernard Sachs, eminent New York neurologist, in a paper entitled SOCIETY AND YOUTHFUL DELINQUENCY. . . . Returning from a trip to that city, Mr. Frank Hanighen has written a startling paper on POGROMS IN BELFAST. He contends that the disturbance which took so heavy a toll of life was primarily the result of the depression and of government measures to allay dissatisfaction. "The middle classes and the great rank and file of labor who were trying to unite in trade unions had to be handled by the more subtle weapon of religious fanaticism," he declares, adding that the position taken up by Lord Craigavon in 1935 paralleled official attitudes of 1920. . . . HARRY ELMER BARNES AND RELIGION is the first of two papers in which Dr. Patrick Barry, professor of church history in Immaculate Conception Seminary, deals with the treatment accorded Christianity in the latest Barnes book. Since this treatment is symptomatic of widely diffused attitudes, Dr. Barry's papers have a general interest and importance apart from the target at which they are directed. . . . In an essay entitled OF THE MISUSES OF DIVERSITY Bryan M. O'Reilly takes issue with Professor Taaffe and contends, from the point of view of a victim of the depression, that "it is childish to single out a few successful men or a particular class as victims for the mob."

tivities in Illinois and Wisconsin (with many happy and humorous details of Nashotah House), in New England and New York, and into the South. Earnest men and women from these localities appealed to McGarvey for guidance. It is, then, distinctly appropriate that Father Hawks, a convert priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, should write this stirring account of religious honesty and spiritual integrity. The book will not provoke tumultuous controversy. It may, however, leave its Episcopalian readers uneasy. Its logic, its clarity of exposition, its warmth of human understanding that shields its chapters from icy invective, its entirely adequate details make it a book of lasting consequence. Its tone and its content will enlighten many Catholics, and chasten the arrogance of that tantalizing type of Catholic who wonders at the importance of converts, or begrudges the distinctive honors the Church bestows upon them. Throughout the whole account there is a hearty charity. Father Hawks has never written with more humor or penetration. Before Monsignor McGarvey died he gave Father Hawks all the materials he had collected. The book is a tribute and a defense. More valuable than its delightful style or its fairness of argument is its truth as history. Assertions are sustained by scholarly documentation; conclusions are drawn with the quiet confidence of patient impartiality.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

What Are the Stars?

The Solar System and Its Origin, by Henry Norris Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS book represents lectures given in 1934 at the University of Virginia by one of the foremost living astrophysicists, who is professor of astronomy at Princeton and also connected with Mt. Wilson Observatory near Pasadena, California. In contrast to other recent popular books, the author limits himself to the members of our own system, the sun, the planets, satellites and comets. He presents first our knowledge of the facts, without delving into general theories of physics, and tries then to draw conclusions to past history and origin.

The first chapter is concerned with the motions of the members of the solar system. The latter is rather isolated in space, other stars being so far away that we cannot know whether they, as suns, are also surrounded by planets. The sun has nine of these, who move all in the same direction and in almost the same plane. Of comets there are about 1,000 known. They consist of small particles very thinly distributed; when they get near to the sun, they develop a "tail" which consists in gas driven out by the heat of the sun. The motion of the comets has much less regularity than that of the planets, and Russell thinks that many more comets exist far from the sun than we can see; only those that have been deflected toward us by the attraction of Jupiter can be observed.

The second chapter, on the chemical constitution of the earth, is most fascinating. The observation of earthquake shocks and the weight of the earth, which gives

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an average density about 5.5 times that of water, have convinced scientists that the earth consists mainly of three layers, the outermost one of rocks, the deeper one of heavier basalt and finally a core of molten iron. The composition of the former can be directly analyzed and compared with that of "stone meteorites." The similarity of composition leads to the plausible assumption that one can use the iron meteorites as samples for the interior of the earth, and so a table of its constituents can be assembled. When that is done, it can be compared with the composition of the surface of the sun, as revealed by the analysis of its spectrum, where missing colors (absorption lines) indicate the chemical elements present. It then turns out that the surface of the sun has practically the same composition as the earth, except for an excess of gases like hydrogen and nitrogen in the former. Assuming that the composition was originally the same, how can the earth have lost them? In Russell's opinion only if the earth was once much hotter (8,000°) but cooled in a relatively short time (perhaps 100 years).

As far as the other planets are concerned, Venus has neither oxygen nor water, but carbon dioxide. Mars has a thin atmosphere, containing a little water, which provides polar snowcaps of perhaps one or two feet thickness. The red color proves the completion of a process of reaction of oxygen with the iron contents of its rocks, a process still going on on the earth, but absent on the oxygenless moon, where the rocks have remained grey. The outer planets have an atmosphere of ammonia and methane; their density being rather small, they must have a considerable layer of ice, frozen ammonia or methane.

The origin of the planets was once explained by the Kant-Laplace theory in the following manner: The sun extended once beyond the farthest planets. During contraction, the planets broke off. The objection to that theory is that then the original system must have rotated as fast as the outer planets do now and the sun, the remnant of this system, would have to rotate enormously much faster than it does. The newer theories ascribe the formation of the planets therefore to the close passage or actual collision of another star, long since gone.

The age of the earth appears from several methods to be between two and three thousand million years. But it seems that something very far-reaching happened in the universe as a whole at about that time, so that perhaps the earth is not much younger than the universe as a whole.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

Up from Under

Autobiography, by John Cournos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

JOHN COURNOS "rambling wide hath turn'd" to view the plain he has left, and the depths and the deep pits from which he has struggled. "Corridors of struggle" he calls them, having in his beloved London caught the trick of understatement. Well, they have touched his tongue with a live coal, and if the man may be judged by his book, that is recompense enough.

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THE LITURGICAL PRESS
St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

Of Russian-Jewish parentage, his racial heritage brought him from the womb with aged eyes and misty memories, and he grew up to the sound of plaintive Ukrainian songs about the house. When he was ten a little nomadic tribe pushed westward—they were lined up in transit on a Berlin platform—his uncle, his mother, carrying a child who was to see light in America, and Lena, Lydia, John, Esther, Adam and Tirzah. His stepfather was to follow, the year was 1891.

The land of promise, the city of brotherly love, Philadelphia. Slums and mud and grinding poverty, cluttered humanity of all races and creeds sprawling everywhere, vice and cruelty aplenty, it was a bad era. There was a constant struggle for life, for bread, for a place in the sun, "souls walking in darkness, groping our ways toward something," as he puts it. His stepfather was a Micawberish soul who never worked; the complete brood, crammed in two rooms, depended upon his elder sisters and himself for sustenance. After school the girls made paper flowers, and he sold papers.

The account of these years of struggle—the conversation with Molly the prostitute, the great snow storm, the shifts, indignities and problems of a street gamin—is simply told with luminous comments. There is life here, and on every scrap and spurt of life a commentary, mellow, witty and understanding. A man with his feet on the earth and his head in the heavens, a paradox, but the key to humanity.

After some years selling papers, and a short term of mechanical slavery in a mill, he obtained a job as messenger boy on the *Record,* which was the first step out of the mire. The messenger boy discovered English literature, discovered art, came to write editorials, and fell in love; finally he threw up a secure future to venture as a "free lance" in London, of whose tongue he had by no means a mastery.

John Cournos arrived in June, 1912, and London gripped him and grew upon him. With surprising rapidity he made friends and acquaintances. Gordon Craig, Squire and Yeats, H. D., Shaw, Lawrence, Ernest Rhys and Ford Madox Ford. Wells was rude to him, and Masefield charming at their first meeting. Ezra Pound was good to him, boasted that he knew "the most interesting people in London" and made good the statement. Gordon Craig and W. B. Yeats are his heroes, and he met and knew enough of London's literary figures to have ample yardsticks. He interviewed Chesterton who "actually does talk as he writes." And many more appear in his pages.

He knew the London of war years, of raids and darkened streets, along which the khaki-clad streams made merry "for tomorrow we die." Finally he was caught up in a minor eddy himself, and in 1917 went to Russia with Hugh Walpole to sell English culture to Russians who were otherwise occupied. He got out of the maelstrom with difficulty and some adventures. With the coming of the Armistice he settled down to write books, and gained at last that place in the sun of self-expression for which he so valiantly fought.

BRYAN M. O'REILLY.

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God and Suffering

Pain and the Providence of God, by M. C. D'Arcy, S. J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.35.

EVEN Saint Augustine, at least so the legend goes, attempted to understand what would have been a compassing of an infinite by a finite mind. Man is bidden to know God as one of the ends of his existence and it is well that he advance in understanding as far as possible. The test of his orthodoxy comes when reason can no longer be the guide and faith must be summoned. If faith is refused, the resultant reliance on reason alone becomes of itself unreasonable in its rejection of what must *ipso facto* be admitted as incomprehensible. The argument against God, because He cannot be all good while pain exists in His world, must necessarily be unreasonable since it presupposes God's infinity in goodness and omnipotence and yet does not provide for the mind's certain inability to comprehend a Divine Being. Yet man continues to attempt the pouring of an ocean into a seashore hole and arraigns a God Whom he would deny but Whose existence is implicitly admitted by the fact of His arraignment.

Father d'Arcy in "Pain and the Providence of God" travels the road of human reason to the point where its rails end and the trails of faith begin. His book is definitely in the field of practical apologetics and its form roughly corresponds to the type of argumentative discussion which the Catholic frequently finds precipitated by doubters or frank disbelievers. The book purports to be a quasi-verbatim report of a forum. The thesis is presented by a Catholic philosopher who is solely concerned with the philosophic and temporarily excludes the theologic. He is pelted with objections; he answers these to meet a new barrage which in turn is made ineffectual. And the inevitable conclusion that theology cannot in the last analysis be excluded leads to the explanation from faith provided by a priest. Whereas the method of development has many felicitousnesses, it has a few inherent and possibly escapable weaknesses. It is happy because the arguments con and pro are juxtaposed—the opponent has his innings and the reader can learn how he can be batted off the field. But there are occasions where the opponent is both assenter and dissenter and in the mazes of the argument it is not always simple for the average reader to determine what can be admitted, what rejected. A more definite labeling would seem advisable.

Save for this, the book is written with the greatest cogency and lucidity. The style, despite the subject's profundity, is stripped of technical terminology. Full play is given the various forms of argumentation. Consequently the book is a succession of sentences which impress themselves on the reader's mind and imbue him with a desire not only to retain their sense but even to commit them to memory. In any event he, if at all anxious to equip himself to defend his faith against the adversary he most often meets in argument, will wish to keep Father D'Arcy's most excellent exposition ready for frequent consultation.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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On Poetry and Music

Collected Essays, Papers, Etc., by Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE DUTIFUL preparation of Robert Bridges's minor essays has now been carried as far as the interesting papers on music, which comprise the present volume. This offers Essays XXI-XXVI. Much experiment with the relations between poetry and music led to the critical remarks which the poet affixed to the pamphlet edition of his Purcell Ode, and this, therefore, remains one of the most suggestive essays of its kind in critical letters. Generally speaking, the rest of the book has to do with Anglican church music, particularly with chanting. Doubtless the topics discussed will be of most interest to English choir masters, but the student of poetry will find much to beguile him, notably in the essay on English chanting.

Scrupulous History

Cardinal Lorenzo Campeggio, by Edward V. Cardinal. Boston: Chapman and Grimes. $2.50.

THIS is a short but exact study of one of the most powerful cardinals of the Curia during the time when England and Germany were breaking from the Church. Cardinal Campeggio was legate to Henry VIII several times, and he presided over the divorce trial, asserting himself, finally, against Woolsey. In Germany he was legate at the Nürnberg Diet of 1524, and after that arranged a meeting of his own in Ratisbon which united the Catholic princes but definitely divided them from those inclined to Luther. He was also legate at the more important Diet of Augsburg in 1530 where he took a hard line and Charles V was more peaceful. The book is the most scrupulous and clear and scientific history. Campeggio is shown as a good cardinal in his way, a brilliant and honest lawyer, and a prelate who theoretically realized the necessity of saving reform within the Church. But his way was entirely too embedded in the system of privilege and worldly consideration that crippled the Curia of his period, to make it possible for him to influence the chaotic age when the medieval world was just passed.

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